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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 973.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1925.

TWOPENCE

Mason's
O.K.
the
cold meat
Sauce



**NET
SALES
NOW OVER
900,000**

THOSE WICKED WORKERS!

By The
Earl of Denbigh C.V.O.

FOR SORE TIRED TENDER FEET

When they Burn, Smart, Swell, Itch, Blister
or form Corns and Callouses.

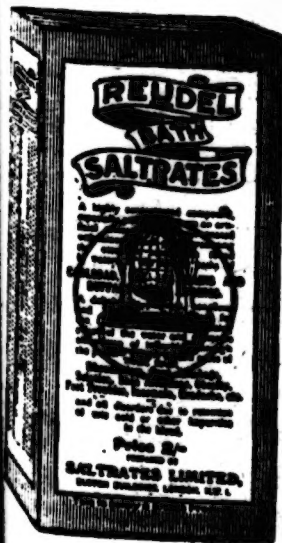
Nothing else can be compared with

Reudel Bath Saltrates

Dissolved in plain water, it produces a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* bath or foot bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs providing:—

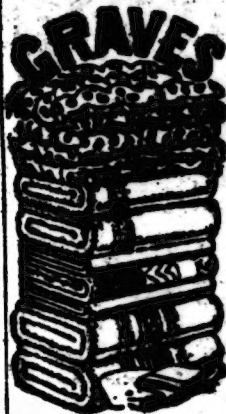
SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME.

The results of using **Reudel Bath Saltrates** are so remarkably satisfactory that many hundreds of prominent men and women have written us in grateful acknowledgment of the wonderful benefits derived. The following are only a few of the well-known people who have thus written us:—Sir Harry Lauder, Geo. Robey, A. F. (Peggy) Bottinson, Eugene Corri, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Billy Wells, Tom Payne, Ernest Barry, Abe Mitchell, J. B. Hobbs, "Andy" Ducat, Violet Lorraine, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jack Mackay, Daisy Dermor, May Moore Duprez.



Reudel Bath Saltrates can be obtained from any chemist. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or **MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.**

Saltrates Limited, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.



BARGAIN BEDDING SALE

10%
now

Wool's Finest
Blankets: 1st All-
West Blankets:
1st White Flannel Blankets:
1st Unbleached Towel Sheets:
2 White Pillow Cases:
1 White Bed Sheet:
1 Alhambra Quilt: 1 Lovely
Woolen Quilt. All double
bed size. 54 x 10 x 6
Terms to approved orders—10%
down, balance 10% cash.
Cottons, Flannels, Fairs, Fairs.
I. G. GRAVELLA SHEPHERD

PARENTS— Protect your Children.

Don't let your children "go out into the world" ignorant of the terrible dangers of Venereal Disease. Free information, in a plain cover, can be obtained from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Write for Five useful Booklets for Parents, 1/4 the cost. Six useful Booklets for Girls, 1/4 the cost. Seven useful Booklets for Young Men, 1/5 the cost, all post free in plain cover.

Asthma

Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough are relieved at once by Potter's Asthma Cure. Makes your days comfortable and nights restful. Supplied by all medicine vendors, 1/4. Post free 1/6 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 50, Artillery Lane, London, E.C.1.

Instant relief



Eczema

FORGOTTEN, but all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KUREM HOME TREATMENT. Famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send post card for free book, sent under plain wrapper, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kazem House, Braintree.

SPECIAL OFFER!

Try Esmolin at our expense. Buy a 3/- bottle anywhere, and if, after using half, you do not like it, return to us here, & we will refund the cost.

ESMOLIN
FOR NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, ALL CHRONIC, 3/- or 1/6 per bottle, or direct post from THE ESCHERMAN CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 115, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Presentation Coupon.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Ave., London, W.2. Please send me the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Free 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Signature free the following name or initials on the Pen.

(Write in CAPITALS name or initials you wish engraved.)

Name

Address

I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and c.p.h.). Cross "J.B." and make payable to "John Bull." State if apt, medium, broad nib. J.B., 24/1/23

An open letter to "John Bull"



25, Somerset Gardens,
TEDDINGTON.
Jan. 9, '23.

Dear "JOHN BULL,"
(SMART AND GENEROUS).
When I sent in my formal claim for damage caused by storm, I fully expected that it would be at least a month before the business would be finished with, yet within a week your Representative has called and paid.
He spoke more as a friend than an official, and this before I had even filled in the official claim form. "All finished," he replied to my question if it was still required, gave me a handshake, and was gone in 15 minutes. Last year only I took the trouble to fill in the Registered Reader's coupon, and I shall certainly tell my friends to do the same. You have treated me most generously and I thank you.

Yours faithfully,

Ballaw

THE above letter is typical of many hundreds received in

praise of the prompt and sympathetic way in which "John Bull" deals with applications for Benefits under its Great Free Insurance Gift.

Our Representatives are now working at top pressure all over the country inspecting the damage done to our readers' homes by the recent floods, in order that cheques may be dispatched without delay.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper that pays Storm and Flood Benefits.

Not only against Floods, but also against FIRE, STORM, SICKNESS and ACCIDENTS. "John Bull" covers you free. Sign the forms now.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Ave., London, W.2. I have sent an order form to my newagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/1/23.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Grand Distribution of Another 10,000 sets!

Due to the enormous popularity of our offer we have made arrangements to distribute another 10,000 sets.

SEND FOR
YOURS
TO-DAY.



Pen is fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Write TEN TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN.

FREE 2/6
EVERPOINTED PENCIL
AND

FREE YOUR
NAME
ENGRAVED IN GOLD

O'Brien
WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER.
COVENTRY.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery at below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ALL OFFER—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS WITH £5—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Books and Clothing. Best house for beginners. Send for free catalogue. — H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. — Useful hints. Worth pounds. Free. Write to-day. — Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY REMNANTS. Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free. — H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 1, High Street, Manchester.

EXCEPTIONAL Value is offered to small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Hosiery, Jumpers, Tights, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free. — S. Moss, Dept. J.B., 6, Over Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

REMNANTS. Cut Lengths for Drapers and Hosiery. Write for Price List. — Levy's, 30, Commercial Road, London, E.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots, Shoes, and Clothing, Drapery, Lino, Carpets, Cycles, Baby Carriages, China Ware, Toys, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. On or easy terms. Highest commission. Free supply of samples. Men in regular demand. Apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S Contractors to H.M. Prisoners, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11.

SPARE-TIME Employment. — Reliable persons for regular employment are required to accept agency to sell reliable goods, drapery, hosiery, books, etc., cash or easy payments. Good commission and splendid selection. 20/- per week can be earned weekly. No outlay; no experience. — Dept. 19, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Bolton Road, Bradford.

AGENTS wanted (spare time), Chocolate and Confectionery Club. Liberal Cash Commission. No outlay. Particulars free. — Dept. J.B., 1, Market Place, Chesterfield.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

BETTER JOB FOR ALL MEN WHO WANT — You can learn how to get a better-paid job by reading an interesting Free Book. — The Profession of Salesmanship, which gives the finest Training Course in Salesmanship ever prepared. It also describes how approximately 1,100 positions have been obtained for students of the course during the three years. Write for this interesting book to-day. It will be sent post free by — The Wallace Atwood College, 267, Lord Row, London, W.C.2.

SEITERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Sewing Machines at home; guaranteed wage output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. for prospectus. — S. B. M. Co., Dept. 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

ART-TIME AGENCY. — Splendid opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Hosiery, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. — J. Holt (Dept. J.J.), 1, Paradise Blackburn.

LONDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — Become a Motor Driver with Official Certificate. Pupils introduced to positions. Write or call Secretary, British School of Motor Driving, Ltd., 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also Apprenticeships in Mobile Engineering. Apply Chief Engineer.

SEITERS Club Agents wanted to form clubs in works, mills, etc. £5 to £20 easily made; also £125 in prizes. No outlay what-so-ever. — Write, Popular, 17-19, Judd Street, W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Acetylene Welders, Carpenters, Fitters for training as Aero-engine, Photographers, Riggers, Millwrights, and Sheet Metal Workers; Apprentices, 18 to 20. Pay from £1/- to £3/6 per week on enlistment and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men of 25 and over. Write, stating age, or call Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Coventry, W.C.2.

SEITERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting Machines at home. Exp. unnecessary. Easy terms arranged. Stamp for Prospectus. — Imperial Hosiery Co., 97, Gray's Inn W.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement in the 66 Provincial and London and Suburban papers, 7/10; 25 country, 2/6. Covering 100,000,000. Many others. Prospectus free. — Cassell's (Series Dept. 66), 100, Strand, London.

Records Included

I offer magnificent horn and hornless models in oak or mahogany with any number of records on fourteen days' free trial, packed free and carriage paid. First instalment only secures immediate delivery. Write for free lists. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Thousands of Testimonials.

Cassell's

100, COVENTRY

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and List H. — Levaline (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without Buying Stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. — Write, Noble Bros, Fulham St., Nottingham.

CHEAP PRINTING. — 1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards etc., samp. free. — Crewey Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

MAIL ORDER Course, cost £3, accept 7/6. Sales letter writing course. 5/- — H., 78, Hackford Road, London, S.W.9.

WHIST DRIVES, Socials, Dances, Concerts, New list of printing free. — Stafford and Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Notts.

WALLPAPERS direct. Eclipse 1925 designs. Get free book. 130 patterns from 3d. per roll. — Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. BEDDING, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices? — Established 35 years. — CHARLES RILEY, Dock 10, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

CHINA direct from Potteries. Household orders at wholesale prices. Tea, Dinner, Toilet Sets, Kitchenware, etc. Crockery for Churches, Schools, Cantons, Institutions, Caterers. 50 persons outfit, 50/3. Special unbreakable quality. Safety Handles. Complete Illustrated Catalogue Free. — Century Pottery Co., Ltd. (Dept. 115), Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

YOU CAN PLAY THE PIANO TO-DAY

by Naunton's National Musical System.



It makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are YOUNG OR OLD, WE GUARANTEE that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IMPOSSIBLE

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once.

Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it to-day.

Let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple and rapid system.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To the Manager, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, 17, High Street, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.2.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence for which please send me Your Special Instruction Book published at 2/6 containing eight pieces of music, and particulars showing how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME DATE:

ADDRESS

Note.—Please fill in postal order payable to Naunton's National Music System. To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

IF YOU SEND MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular JOHN BULL Want-ad. user writes: "I would be BULL Want-ad. a mail order business without any outlay. Rate 8/- per line (about six words), minimum charge, 24/-." For further proof of the pulling power of JOHN BULL Want Ads., or in sending an ad., address Small Advertisements Manager, JOHN BULL, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

BILLIARD TABLES. — New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free. — JELKS, 263-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

SPIRIT RAPPING made easy. Numerous Clerical Discourses, Thrilling Recitations, Hand Shadows, Shadow Plays, Plays, Dialogues, Funny Stories, Dreams, Fortunes, Song Books, Eng. Irish, Scotch Reciters. Send for McMillan's new Wonderful Catalogue. — Felix McMillan, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 9, City Garden Row, City Road, London.

LADIES' Winter Coats, also Suits, Boots, Overcoats, Gramophones, Accordions, Watches, Clocks, etc., on easy terms. Write for free price list. — Masters, Ltd., Eps.

WATERPROOF GOODS. — Oilskin Suits, complete, 12/6; Oilskin Overcoats from 14/6; Horn's Loin Cloth, 5/6; Rubber Knee Boots, all sizes, 15/6; Rubber sheets, 6 x 3 ft., 3/6. List of Covers, Caps, etc., free. All carriage paid. Cash returned if unsatisfactory. — Gasson and Sons, Eps., Sussex.

PEACH'S Bargain Sale. — Curtains, Case-ments, Muslins, Cretonnes, Linens, Quilts. Sale Lists Free. — S. Peach and Sons, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

BABY-CARS direct from Works on approval. Carriage paid. Cash or easy terms. 50 lovely designs; cushion tyres. Art Catalogue free. — Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 26), Coventry.

MONEY FOR YOU! — Send a postcard for H. Samuel's New Free Book of 3,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, and see how the next to factory prices put money in your pocket. Free Prizes to all buyers. Lady's Nickel Wrist-Watch, rich Opal Dial, Jewelled Movement. 5/11; Gent's Nickel Pocket Watch, guaranteed. 3/8; Oval Plated Nickel Silver Cake Basket. 5/11; 18-ct. Diamond Ring, 35/-, worth £3. Order early to secure the bargains, or send address, and the Book, packed with record bargains, is yours by return. — H. SAMUEL, LTD. (Established 100 years), 100, Market Street, Manchester.

POCKET Wallets, Black Morocco Leather, 6 pockets, beautiful quality, wonderful value. 5/11, post free. — Harry J. Grace, 79, Lombard Street, Birmingham.

GARDENING.

DOBIE'S 1925 Catalogue and (Gardening) Guide, 130 pages, 104 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned. — Dobie & Co., Ltd., Royal Seaborn, Edinburgh.

ELLISON'S Pedigree Seeds, 64 pg. cat., Calendar and Gardening Guide. Free. Seeds, Bulbs, Roses, Fruits, Fertilisers, Sundries, Shallots, etc. — Ellisons, 4, West Bromwich.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

FIGURE DRAWING. — Fascinating, profitable Course, including 100 valuable nude studies. 3/- complete. — Studio (J.B.), 38, Port and Crescent, Leeds.

SLOAN-DUPOYAN Shorthand saves a year's study. Sixpenny handbook sent free. — Sloan-Dupoyan Hdgrs., Dept. 32, Rainsgate.

DON'T BE BULLIED. — Send 4d. stamps for 2 illus. Sample fans, in Jujitsu. — YAWARA (J.B.), 10, Queen's Way, Hanworth, Feltham, Mx.

DRESS

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. — Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS SETS by easy payments, loud speakers, phones, components, etc., in whole paying. Free lists from the makers. — Townsends, Ltd., Ernest Street, Birmingham.

SETS, Parts, Phones, Speakers, Easy Payments 1925. Catalogue now ready. Wireless distributing Co., Ltd., Wireless House, Stoke Newington Road, N.16.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/-, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheap. — 32 page list 2d. How to make gramophones. — Reginald, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Catalogue free. — Douglas, 60, King's Church, South St., London, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 with trial. — List fr. Chapman, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply of 100 tablets for Free Pamphlet. — Ridgway Tablet Co., 34-36, Colindale, N.17.

RUPTURE. — Wonderful new Scientific Treatment, gives quick relief, stops Truss discomfort and renders the sufferer free from restraint. No springs or lumpy pads. Treatment sent on Free Trial. Money instantly refunded if not entirely satisfied. Call or write now for Booklet A and full particulars. — Dr. Brauer Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. H.P.), 20, Newville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham branch: 90, Worcester Street.

STAMMERING. — I cured myself. You can cure yourself or your child. — Patience, free. — Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. — Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials and recommended by Editor, "Health and Efficiency." — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A BEAUTY HINT. — When pores are clogged with stale face-cream, powder, etc., a clear complexion is impossible. Periodically cleanse and revitalise the skin in delightful Radio-Active baths made at home with SALZEM Bath Salts. The whole system benefits. Generous TRIAL PACKET FREE on receipt of postcard. — Henry J. Smith (Chemist), Ltd., Stanley Road, Acton, London, W.3.

BLADDER WEAKNESS in children, invalids and adults quickly cured by Parkers Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots, or post free from Parkers Remedy Co., 10, James Street, Liverpool. Write to-day for parties.

DR. HALL'S FAMILY HERBAL PILLS. — A safe and reliable remedy for the STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS; removes disorders equally common to men, women and children. Prevents physical discomfort and ill-health. No household should be without a supply. 45 pills 6d. Double quantity, 1/3, post free. — HALL'S HYGIENE CO., LTD., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately. 3d. Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

CATARH of the Nose and Throat. — Sufferers are urged to try the Salinas treatment. Full course of the treatment, accompanied by instructive pamphlet and unfeigned testimonials, sent post free on receipt of 2/- to the Salinas Co., 30 Dept., 63, Titchburn Street, Liverpool.

ARE YOU CORPULENT? — Wonderful new Patent Body Belt for gentlemen. Reduces 6 in. first day. Makes you healthy, strong, and fit young. This belt is of great hygiene. Ventilation approved of by our medical adviser. Price 20/- post free direct, or through your chemist, hosiery, tailor or outfitter. Send for illustrated particulars. Money refunded if not perfectly satisfied. — Carrow, Ltd., 47, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, London, S.W.1.

PIMPLES banished, Blackheads, Blemishes, Blemishes disappear. — CLERA, the new wonder-working lotion, ensures clear, spotless, radiant skin. Write to-day for free brochure. — Marygold, 67, St. Albans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one. — Trimmell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Camd.

KARAH (Kar-rar), Finest Herbal Smoking Mixture. Something quite new. Special process. Cool, sweet, lasting and economical. Free from nicotine. 4-oz. Tin, 1/6; 8-oz. 2/6; 16-oz. 5/4. Post free. — Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford, Lincs.

Overwhelming Demand for the Made To Measure Suits at the Once-a-Year CURZON Sale

Only Another 7 Days to Write for the Patterns.

"John Bull" readers are keen on spotting a bargain offer. The demand for patterns was so great that our first supply was exhausted and we were obliged to stop advertising last week. We have now made up some further sets, and to give a final opportunity, we are keeping our offer open for

ONE MORE WEEK.

After then, no more patterns can be supplied.

ONCE a year, in January—and only once a year—CURZON'S great Sale for Men takes place. Thousands of men in all parts of the country look forward to it, so as to order their suits for the year. The great feature of Curzon's Annual Sale is that all the cloths offered are genuinely NEW goods—that is, they are not out-of-date, or old season's patterns, or job lines, but cloths that have been recently delivered from the Mills.

All the standard qualities of the Scotch, Yorkshire and West of England Woollen Mills.

The prices, however, are drastically "cut":

For a 3 guinea Suit you pay only £2
For a £4 10 0 Suit you pay only £3
For a £5 15 0 Suit you pay only £4

With this ADDED advantage:

Not one penny extra is charged, no matter what size you are, and not a cent for anything special you require. For instance, you can have double-breasted style; you can have as many pockets as you like, or raised seams, turned-up trousers, etc., etc., without extra charge.

You know how much the ordinary firm charges for all these little items.

At CURZON'S Sale the £2, or £3, or £4 covers everything, and you get the

All the World knows
It's Curzon's for Clothes

FINEST VALUE in a MADE-TO-MEASURE Suit.

SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY.

Fill in the Coupon or write a letter or postcard, mentioning JOHN BULL, at once for the FREE patterns, which will be sent by return, together with the easy self-measure form and fashion book containing 12 different styles of suits, from any of which you can select the style you require.

If you prefer, you can, instead of the measure form, send us one of your old suits, and we will copy it exactly, or make any variations you desire, and return the old suit to you, carriage paid, at once.

Customers living near our branches are invited to pay a visit to any of our shops and be personally served by our experienced managers.

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors

New Head Depot:

25 to 27, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

WEST END: 110 and 111, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 38, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13, Old Compton Street, W.

CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 34, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 78, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 19, Aldgate High Street.

ALSO AT: SHEPHERD'S DEPTFORD, BUSH, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, GRAYS, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEAST, WESTCLIFF, HOVE, WIMBLEDON and GRAVESEND.

GUARANTEE

Each garment is cut and made separately for each customer, and by means of our perfect self-measure form we undertake to fit you perfectly by post under our own and JOHN BULL'S Guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not more than satisfied.

You will, however, be MORE than pleased. The cloths comprise Fast Colour Blue Serges, Scotch, Yorkshire and West of England Tweeds, Cheviots, Grey Pinheads, Fancy Worsted, Heather Mixtures, Black and Blue Vicunas, etc., etc.

And all these cloths are in ALL the three prices.

For example, our £2 Fast Dye Blue Serge is an eye-opener and is guaranteed for 2 years.

Fill in this Coupon, or write a letter or postcard mentioning JOHN BULL
To CURZON BROS., Ltd. The Great London Measure Tailors.

25 to 27, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

Please send me free of all charge and without obligation, your Sale Patterns of Suitings with self measure form and fashion book, and if I place an order I do so on your guarantee (backed by JOHN BULL) to refund my money in full if I am not more than satisfied.

NAME

ADDRESS

J.H. 24.1.25.



JOHN BULL

For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which
the Sun never Sets.

Vol. XXXVII. No. 972,
Week ending Saturday,
Jan. 26, 1925. (Two pence.)

This Week—

The Earl of Denbigh on "Those Wicked Workers!"

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91, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

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LONDON.

the WORLD,
the FLESH &
the DEVIL

Solid Grounds for Hope.

The December returns of the Board of Trade make interesting reading. They confirm in no uncertain manner the widespread impression that trade is steadily reviving—as we have repeatedly said.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

"This year," says the *Daily Herald*, "is going to be marked by great trade union activity," and obligingly adds, "It is going to be a year of industrial unrest." Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, please note.

The Only Medicine.

The breakdown of the proposed Agricultural Conference proves what we have so often stated, that unless and until British agriculture puts its own house in order, and speaks with a united voice, salvation from outside is a vain delusion.

Bluffers.

Witnesses before the Food Commission have, in several instances, contradicted the evidence they gave before the Lanlithgow Committee. Which is the lie, we don't know, but Sir Auckland Geddes should make it his business to find out.

Squelch the Middlemen!

We present the Food Commission with an idea—and it badly needs one! The solution of the food puzzle is to bring consumer and producer into closer touch. Why not stop talking and formulate plans?

Fetch It Out!

And why not blow the dust off that Report on Trusts and see what it says. Is Sir Auckland Geddes frightened of discovering in it something that is really practical?

The Quick Way.

When the Viennese police arrested the director of a big bakery, his fellow-directors immediately met and decided on a big reduction in the price of the loaf. There is a self-evident moral here.

The Tea Ramp.

"It is well to remember," says the *Statist*, "that tea shares still give highly attractive yields," and it talks of "the continued advance in profits." It is, indeed, well to remember, for some day a mulcted people will demand a stern reckoning.

First Steps.

Mr. Churchill may at least congratulate himself on having persuaded France to realise that her debt is a reality. There are others. What about Italy?

One Problem.

We made our first great mistake by settling the American debt without reference to the others. We are on the verge of repeating the error in the case of the French debt. Piecemeal methods merely intensify the difficulties.

Robot Makers.

Trotsky is in trouble with the Russians because he has dared to think, and his thinking has led to criticism. The Communist, of course, has no objection to people thinking—but he insists that they think as he does!

The Stage is Set.

The underground struggle between Trade Unionism and Communism is approaching a crucial point. And we prophesy that the fatuous "National Minority Movement" is about to be the way of all ill-digested schemes.

A Pressing Need.

Why in the name of common-sense is not a determined effort made to organise the large-scale production of cheap electricity? For therein lies the solution of far more than the prevention of fogs, though it would do that, too.

Nearly Right.

Sir Philip Dawson, M.P., calls our transport methods "hopelessly inefficient and expensive." If he deletes the "hopelessly," we agree. For they can, and should be, drastically overhauled.

Britain's Backbone.

"The appalling ignorance of the middle classes on politics," says the Master of Balliol, "is a danger to the country." We add that a still greater danger is the indifference of Governments to the needs of these fast-disappearing classes.

Vicious Circles.

To those who are alarmed about the falling birth-rate, we commend the necessity of urgent measures for ensuring remunerative employment and adequate housing. Never were problems more closely allied.

An Easy Solution.

Houses are scarce and rents high because building materials are dear. These are dear because the land is held up by monopolists. Tax land values and the battle is won.

Human Pig Pens.

The Government is at long last taking a hand in the rent crisis on Clydebank. But no palliatives can disguise the fact that the trouble is not so much a money one as disgust at the hovels that still exist.

War against Children.

Landlords are again active in the "no houses for families with children" cry. To offer accommodation only on condition that no children are allowed should be made a penal offence.

Coal Chaos.

In an attack on Trade Unions, the *Morning Post* says "Many pits show a very moderate profit. Some are conducted at a loss." Could there ever be a clearer argument for unifying this chaotic industry?

News.

The resignation of Mr. Hughes, the American Secretary of State, is an event of world-importance. It marks the definite beginning of a new American policy towards European affairs.

Endless Possibilities.

Recent speeches by President Coolidge have shown that he realises the practical impossibility of complete isolation. There will now be a movement towards co-operation in the reconstruction of Europe.

Internal Problem.

The most far-reaching consequence will be the isolation of Russia by America. And this will fail to reverberate throughout the world.

Not to Stay.

The League of Nations has just celebrated its birthday. Though it has suffered from its enthusiastic friends almost as much as from its enemies, it has become a real factor in international politics.

Coolidge.

In Germany, Russia, and America are in its power will be irresistible. And none is so far outside the magic circle as the United States might suggest.

In Good Time.

Asquith's hurried return from Egypt is no surprise. There is likely to be a Parliamentary election before long, and the Liberal leader is no chances of being caught napping.

Not a Leader.

Feeling against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the ranks is crystallising into something like hostility. He will find it difficult to maintain his leadership during the present session.

Bad Days.

Political instability in Germany has become a fact. It behoves the Allies to tread warily. Instability gives birth to either Bolshevism orarchy.

Problems of Life.

Desire to be Important

By the Rev.
R.J. CAMPBELL, D.D.



THE famous Georgian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, is the reputed author of the oft-quoted saying that every man has his price.

He managed to retain his high office for twenty years—and serve his country, too—by the use of systematic bribery and the

lavish distribution of titles and decorations.

Another distinguished personage, Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, is credited with having said that a universal trait of human nature is vanity. Men love to be considered important, he averred, and will go through fire and water and stoop to all manner of baseness to gratify their passion for prominence.

Probably all dispensers of social patronage could endorse this opinion from their own experience.

BUT let us ordinary folk beware of imagining ourselves superior to this general weakness.

We may not fawn on the great for recognition or try to exercise backstairs influence for the sake of having our names in the Birthday Honours list—not that it would be of much use if we did, so far as the ruck of us is concerned—but are we entirely free from the tendency which takes this particular form in others?

No, we are not; but the tendency itself is not wholly despicable.

It may become sublimated, as the psychologists say, and produce fine results in character.

Bertrand Russell rightly affirms that no man can do work of genuine worth "unless he feels that his life is in some way important"—which only means that to get the best out of ourselves we must be convinced that there is something worth getting.

It does not mean that we want everybody to know of and applaud our importance.

STILL less does it mean that we want to be marked off from the crowd in any artificial way or, indeed, to be marked off at all. It is enough for a self-respecting man to know that his life has an importance of its own which is making itself felt in the world.

This same instinct perverted, finds many grotesque and morbid expressions, as in criminals who are proud of their notoriety, or the conceited nobody who loves to pose as the oracle of a village public-house.

H. G. Wells says that men tend to be arrogant when prosperous, and servile when the reverse.

Of no man who knows his own worth could this ever be true.

*** Many of Dr. Campbell's previous articles have just been published in book form under the title of "A Book of Homely Wisdom" (5s. John Lane).

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

He'd Learn Something.

Between 1918 and 1922 the profits of the Union Cold Storage Co. rose from £216,745 to £446,917. Sir Philip Proctor, who "doesn't know of any Meat Trust," might ask Lord Vestey to explain how this came about.

Queer Charity!

The revelation that the Beet-Sugar Subsidy of 19s. 6d. per ton is going, not into British pockets, but into those of Dutch capitalists, is a strange sidelight on the Protectionist mind! There will be hot words when Parliament meets.

Back To 1914—

The distrust of the idea of a railwaymen's Army Reserve is not by any means confined to railwaymen. We don't see the idea of peace preservation behind this sudden fervour for recruiting.

Coming On!

So Sunday opening at Wembley is at last "under consideration"! We have accomplished so much, anyway. And we have more than an idea that last year's stupidity will not be repeated.

Wanted!

A system is in operation for testing the nerve of London 'bus drivers. More to the point would be a system for testing the nerve of the master bakers, the food profiteers, and the moneylenders.

Contrasts.

For begging—twelve months' hard labour. For throwing a fox terrier into a furnace and burning it alive—two months' imprisonment. What can one say of such lack of commonsense except that the magistrates are clearly unfit for their jobs?

Bacchus at the Wheel.

If magistrates are of opinion that a drunken motorist does not deserve imprisonment, the most they can do under the present law is to fine him 40s. This is absurd. The maximum fine should be at least £100. Imprisonment is the more appropriate penalty.

Why Engineers Emigrate.

While British financiers refuse to believe in the practicability of trade with Russia a shipment of tractors worth one and a half million dollars has just been sent from America. It's enough to make our unemployed emigrate en bloc.

Steel Homes and Wooden Heads.

Mr. Martin Connolly, Labour M.P., has achieved print again by saying in Newcastle City Council that unskilled labour will not be permitted in riveting steel houses. He is not, we understand, Tsar of all the Homeless, whatever he may be in his own imagination. The country is determined to get homes and will have a short way with vested interests either of labour or capital.

Losing a Friend.

It is difficult to understand why the Officers' Friend Branch of the Pensions Ministry is in process of being abolished. The mass of intricate rules and regulations that befog claimants for pensions clearly called for some such sympathetic intermediary between the applicants and the officials. The sacred cause of economy is badly served by such a misguided act as the abolition of a necessary and humane department. It may even lead to a great deal of injustice.

Tommy's Home Comforts.

A soldier's mother complains that she was asked to pay 2s. 6d. to send a small cake weighing a pound to her son in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, and as she was unable to afford such a sum her boy had to go without his cake. It should not be beyond the wit of the Army Authorities to devise means of collecting and delivering such parcels to troops serving abroad at charges considerably less than the ordinary postal rates, which are far too high for people in poor circumstances. What says the Quartermaster-General?

More Flood Benefits Paid

See page 2.

A Windfall for the Poor.

The Town Council of Huntly, Aberdeenshire, has lately come into possession of over £10,000 to be devoted to the poor under the will of the late Surgeon Lieut.-Col. George Andrew, who stipulated that the receipt of parochial relief should not prevent anyone from benefiting. On the other hand we hope that those who do share in the legacy are not debarred from parochial relief.

Spell it without the "R!"

Registrar of Bloomsbury County Court (the woman moneylender): "You women are the worst type of moneylenders . . . women who carry on an atrocious form of moneylending in back streets at extraordinarily exorbitant rates of interest." The woman remarked that she did it as a friendly act. We can only add, heaven help the mug with whom she's not friendly!

A Cruel Betrayer.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Sutton, Surrey, there is a rascal calling himself "Billy Ward," who, if he has the feelings of a man, must be suffering bitter pangs of remorse. The girl he betrayed and cruelly deceived, Miss A. R. Chaffield, of the Broadway, Sutton, took her life in despair. It is a pity the law does not place such miscreants in the dock.

Emigration Lies.

The Government should take steps to prevent shipping companies from issuing false information to intending emigrants. It is wicked to tempt working-men to lay out their life-savings upon ocean voyages that too often end in disillusionment and despair. Except in a few special lines e.g., farming, the Dominions are already overstocked with labour.

In the Dark.

Mrs. Aldred, of Putney Bridge Road, is blind and an invalid. Her husband, a poor old chap seventy-nine, who had a long beard, caught alight when carrying a candle. Instantly the blind woman did her best to beat out the flames which she could not see. The old man died, but his plucky widow lives on—in obscurity and poverty and in eternal darkness to all seeming. But in her heart is the light of courage!

A Job for Mark Tapley.

From a daily paper: "Man (domestic) wanted for inn (working men's home attached) make beds, clean windows, boots, etc., play billiards; amateur pianist preferred; good natured, cheerful, willing worker; 10s. weekly. Apply Halsey, Nutley Hall Inn, Reigate, Surrey." It is obvious that this job would suit only the most willing of workers, but he would need to be a Mark Tapley to find anything cheerful about it. Probably preference would be given to an applicant prepared to provide his own grand piano.

Horizon Blue.

The language continually used by a certain officer of the Royal Air Force at Felixstowe towards subordinates is of such a sanguinary and obscene character that it has become a common subject of talk among the townsfolk, who have been horrified by what they have heard of the matter from civilian employees. Complaints have repeatedly been made to the Air Ministry, but nothing has been done to put a stop to the scandal. Must the public take the matter into their own hands and choke back the disgusting torrent of filthy vituperation with tar and feathers?

A Boob in Bumbledom.

A Nottingham widow who has a hard struggle for existence, being burdened by a consuming disease, daughter undergoing treatment at home, was informed by an inspector that the necessary infectant, which she had hitherto with difficulty purchased, could be obtained free from the Public Health Department. Upon applying for it, she was astounded to be told by an official that she was too respectably dressed to be in need of such assistance, and that the case would have to be investigated and put before the Guardians. Must people proclaim their poverty before they can obtain help in stamping out disease?

Commercial Cancer.

Sir Henry Dickens describes the long firm as "a cancer eating at the heart of commercial life." And so saying he sentenced Sidney Taylor, a long firm merchant, to three years. Our campaign bears fruit.

Lessons in Jail.

It is the proper function of the jail to punish the prisoner, but not to maim him for life. At the Birmingham jail prisoners are receiving instruction which will make it easier for them to obtain employment on their release. Such experiments deserve every encouragement.

Of the Cinemas.

Mr. Arthur Cunningham, of the New Century Pictures, Limited, is sore because his company's year handed over to the Inland Revenue for something like £33,000. The people's money, of course. And now that the tax has been reduced, will he impress all cinema proprietors with the importance of remitting it to their patrons? He is passing the money into their own pockets.

Mooring Dockers.

Unemployed Bristol dockers have hitherto had sign on at the local Labour Exchange daily at inconvenient hours, which was bad enough, henceforth, according to a notice which has been posted, they are to be compelled to sign on only once a week. The Ministry of Labour had never erect a hostel close by for the benefit of dockers living at a distance, who will otherwise have to stand about all day in all weathers waiting for their names.

Raspberry.

The job of outside porter at Strawberry Hill House, which has been going begging for over months, turns out to be even less desirable than we supposed when we suggested insufficient remuneration as the reason why no one wanted it. Acting on the assumption that the remuneration was about 30s. a week, as stated in a daily paper, an out-of-work reader applied for the post, and discovered, to his unutterable disgust, that the pay was only 12s. a week. No wonder the job is the raspberry!

Club Fiasco.

Following upon our criticisms of the Regent's Country Club, and the subsequent examination of the bankruptcy of Prince Andrew of Russia, a receiving order has now been made against another director, Senorita Odilia de la Cruz, of 70, Baker Street, W. Her examination is to throw a flood of light on the hopelessly unbusinesslike manner in which this ultra-able enterprise was conducted, and on the curious effect it had upon so many people who invested money in it or supplied goods to it.

Rot.

Nothing illustrates more glaringly the hypocrisy of our lottery laws than the action of the Home Office in stopping the prize drawn by the Sheffield and District Charities Committee on behalf of the National Society for the Blind. We may gamble our money on the Stock Exchange, at cards or on horse-racing, but when we have a little flutter for a good cause, the police step in. What a state of affairs!

The Game.

The police have raided a disorderly house run by Miss Montague and Gabriel Lace at Elgin Road, Maida Vale, and both women have been found guilty to permitting the place for immoral purposes for six months. It was stated that at least twenty-five women entered the flat in one week. The police are prosecuting these shameless women, and of the three Vice Queens of Mayfair exposed in these columns? How they get away with their strange immunity while they pay the penalty!

Paying for Experience.

White women's associations with coloured men is a disturbing scandal of life in some Northern cities. Sad stories could be revealed of the orgies in the places where they meet, money being freely spent. Only when it is too late do the women realise what a terrible price it is they pay for a tainted experience.

The Root of the Evil.

Heredity and environment are in the main responsible for the proportions of the habitual criminal class being maintained, says Judge Atherley Jones. And in his opinion Borstal institutes, reformatories and industrial schools are not likely to cure the morally diseased. Herded with others viciously inclined, it is easy for those who might be saved to drift into a criminal life. A wise and a discerning judge.

Clean Bowled.

Harold J. Lacey, of Hertford Road, Worthing, was one of the bogus lottery promoters whose methods we have frequently exposed. In the false name of "Edward Parnell," Lacey "worked" the Portsmouth area, and by the offer of a glittering array of prizes would have netted large sums of money but for the timely intervention of the police. The sentence of eight months' hard labour passed by the Portsmouth Recorder was no whit too severe.

A Bilking Bookie.

Our readers will be well advised to have no dealings with a bookmaker calling himself C. Westlake, who has an office at Albany Chambers, Newport, Mon., where he seems to be kept busy receiving turf and football commissions, though, judging from complaints which we have received, his paying out department never works overtime. We have written to him several times asking him to give attention to these complaints, but all our communications are insolently ignored.

Moneylender's Tout.

Mr. David Lannon, of Anstey's, Ltd., who figured in a recent moneylending case, as having got a commission of £25 for introducing a lady to another moneylender who advanced her £250, and who also got a commission from the moneylender, is our old friend Davidoff Gershgorn, who has cost creditors in his previous ventures many thousands of pounds. Nearly a year ago we warned our readers against Anstey's, Ltd., which then had an issued capital of only £4! A profit of £25 on a capital of £4 is much better than he made when he ran the London Co-operative Stores, and ran it on the rocks.

Payment in Advance.

Cray Stewart and Co., 10, South Street, E.C., specialise in obtaining orders for miscellaneous goods by conveying the impression that they are delivered upon payment of a deposit, whereas this merely "secures" them in a limited sense, the articles not passing into the possession of the purchaser until the full price has been paid by instalments. It is an old trick, which is made worse in the case of this concern by the difficulty which deluded people have in obtaining the refund of their money after they have discovered the deceptive nature of the offer.

"Spuds and Duds."

We are still receiving complaints of the conduct of the Chatteris Produce Company, Ltd., of Chatteris, Cambridgeshire, to which we referred a fortnight ago under the above heading. One of them concerns a small holder who sent them six and a half tons of potatoes at £7 a ton last August, but all he has received in payment for his £45 10s. worth of produce is a five-pound note. Another reader who sent them a cheque with an order for four tons of potatoes a year ago never received the spuds, and was compelled to take action in the County Court to recover his money.

How Not to Make Money.

What has happened to the golden "Duncan's System" which, offered to all and sundry, was supposed to be the medium of making pots of money for all? We blew its preposterous claims sky-high in a recent issue, and it is interesting to note that the pushers of the system have not been seen at their offices lately, although the West Riding and Counties Insurance Company, Ltd., Ludgate Hill, which guaranteed the clients of "Duncan's System," are still very much to the fore. This insurance company is not by a long way the financial bulwark it might appear to be—on paper.

Why, Oh Why?

A newly registered company called British American Securities, Ltd., of Gresham House, London, E.C., is busy circularising people to buy "units," or parts of shares in the Canadian Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of Canada. The shares are offered at £150 each, but as they can be bought in Canada for just over £100, British American Securities, Ltd., appear to be out for a good thing. People who get their circulars might well ponder why they should pay nearly £50 a share more than it is worth, even though they have the privilege of buying half a share, or even a tenth of a share, through this new company.

The Human Machine.**Self-Realisation**

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

LACK of self-confidence very often means lack of self-knowledge. The man who is ill at ease in the company of others is, more often than not, a man who has failed to realise his own potentialities.



There is a law of human behaviour that we all fail to observe from time to time. It is that we must give out in proportion as we take in. We must see that the knowledge, the experience, the energy that we absorb is allowed to flow out again in some way.

Otherwise, we turn our minds into choked drains, whereas they should be clear channels for the easy flow of thoughts and ideas.

Macaulay once characterised schoolboys as "books in breeches." Too often when we grow up

we are still "books in breeches," still—as Pope expressed it:

"A lumber-house of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!"

Physical indigestion is apt to give us a very sour view of the world. Mental indigestion is apt to do the same thing. It is as well for the man who lacks confidence to make sure that he is not accusing his fellows of the scorn and contempt that resides, in reality, in his own mind!

SOMEHOW or other the shy and diffident individual must endeavour to find a medium of self-expression. He must try to discover ways of self-realisation. He must cultivate an active, instead of a passive, attitude of mind.

Take letter-writing, for instance. If you find it difficult to talk to a person, write to them. Next time you meet you will have a common interest ready-made.

Self-expression is the key to self-confidence

THE TIPSTER and the PEARLS

INFALLIBLE TIPS WITH JEWELS THROWN IN

The Way to Aladdin's Cave

"PUT money in thy purse," said Polonius; and a great many people who never heard of Polonius, and if they did, would probably take him for a horse, have been trying very hard to take his advice and make money on the Turf.

There are a large number of engaging people quite willing, for a consideration, to tell them how to do it. One of them is an ingenious gentleman named Mr. G. Hele, of 21, Gloucester House, London, W.C. This gentleman charges you £2 for what he calls his wonderful system, which roughly consists of backing, by doubling your stake, the second, third and fourth favourites in a race.

In this way, he tells you, you get on "springers," animals that have been backed at outside prices right down to favouritism. You are therefore on the "real goods" each time.

If at first you don't succeed, you go on practically doubling your stake for seven days until you get a winner. If you don't get a winner on the seventh day you go on at the same stake until you do. You can't, therefore, complain. The answer is obvious—for you haven't carried out the rules if you don't go on backing till you get a winner. Though why, if you are on the "real goods" each time, you should have to go on doubling your stakes till you find a winner, we do not know.

Pearls before Swine!

There is another gentleman who has a system by which you may also rely upon receiving the "real goods." He is Mr. R. Beaumont, of Paddock Cottage, The Walls, Hampton Court, Middlesex. Beaumont is a

handsome fellow. He not only sends you eight special doubles for thirty shillings, but he also throws in a guinea fountain pen, or a handsome safety razor, or a string of lovely Oriental pearls. One hopes he does not cynically suppose that he is casting pearls before swine. But as he says he is "snowed under" by grateful clients, we cannot understand why he should have to offer these bribes to get more.

An even more interesting figure is the gentleman who calls himself Martin Faber, football specialist. He is also Martin Faber, the racing specialist, which shows his versatility.

Man of Many Names.

The gentleman who does Martin Faber's printing is Mr. C. B. Rendall, of 3-7, New Street Square, E.C. He must know how to handle the tipping gentry with great skill.

He has printed touting and tipster circulars for Martin Faber, and also booklets on the secrets of success at winter racing and football. He knows a good deal about the tipster business himself, and about other games of chance. He has traded at various times as Herbert Maxwell, Maurice Raymond, James Power, Charles Welby, Howell Forbes, John James and R. M. Sheridan.

A greater Sheridan wrote, "The School for Scandal," but we pass that by in order to pay a tribute to Mr. Rendall as a really brilliant inventor of names for himself. At one time his courage did not quail at the magnificent notion of calling himself Nelson Cromwell. In plain language, that beats the band.

We only hope that Mr. Rendall, when he is feeling quite himself, does not yield to the temptation of

backing all the tips he prints. If he does, and if those tips are genuine, then he must win more victories in a day's racing than Nelson and Cromwell combined—with Julius Caesar and Alexander the Great thrown in—ever won in the course of their comparatively uneventful careers.

A gentleman who loses money by religious devotion to the tipsters is known in racing circles as the "jay." This does not discourage Mr. J. B. Rennie, of 169A, Oxford Road, Manchester, who calls himself Arbejay. He is the author of a book entitled "Racing Akin to an Exact Science."

Some of the people who have backed his tips have lost their money, and are inclined to think that this exact science is, as Hamlet used to say, a little more than kin and less than kind.

Lady Tipster's Pin Money.

A new form has been given to the tipster business by a lady named Chivers, of 10, Cumberland Street, Portsmouth, who sent a letter to an important trader in Ireland.

The letter begins, "I thank you for answering advertisement, and shall only be too pleased to supply you with genuine information, as my husband pays heavily to have the right horses. But he is not allowed to send same to anyone, so he has given me permission to send to a few friends for pin money, so I hope you will take advantage and be in the swim."

The trader did not want to be in the swim for fear that he might find himself in the soup. But the interesting thing is that he had never replied to any advertisement from this lady.

Are You a Lonely Girl?

Traps for the innocent

THE dangerous possibilities that may arise through making friends by the medium of correspondence clubs may well be illustrated by this appalling story.

A man named Daniel Boyce has been in the habit for some time of making the acquaintance of young women through a concern called the Universal Correspondence Club. We have repeatedly warned the public against having anything to do with organisations like this.

What manner of man was this Boyce whose recreation was thus to get into touch with girls all over the country? He recently advertised for a young country girl as companion in a good home. Emily Kemp, a twenty-year-old girl of Bexley Lane, Crayford, Kent, answered the advertisement, and being told that she would be engaged to look after a child of six, gladly and confidently accepted the position.

A Nightmare.

Boyce took her home to the house he lived in at Clerkenwell and, after giving her tea, assaulted her. Then he threw some liquid into her face which burned her eyes and she fainted. When she recovered consciousness she was lying on a bed.

The terrified child ran from the room into another and locked herself in, where she wrote a pitiful letter to her mother telling her what had happened.

That is the kind of brute Boyce is. That is the kind of man who makes friendships with girls through the Universal Correspondence Club.

What was his record? In August 1923, we exposed his method of obtaining deposits from travellers he employed when he was connected with the firm of D. & J. Boyce & Sons, then at 9, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. We warned the public against these methods again last year when Boyce removed his business to Staple Inn, Holborn, W.C.—the address at which he was arrested for improperly assaulting Miss Kemp.

Always a Rogue.

He has been in jail as a rogue and vagabond, has served several sentences for professing to tell fortunes. In 1913 he got six months for obtaining property by false pretences, and in 1915 was sent to jail for obtaining money by a trick.

Why was not this man, with previous philandering and criminal record, tried not for assault, but for rape, or, at least, for attempted rape? He has been sent to jail for eighteen months. He should have been sent for the longest period the law allows.

After this, need we repeat warning as to the danger of making acquaintances with such plain strangers? Some of the young women Boyce made friends with through the Universal Correspondence Club may now realise their narrow escape they had!

A Crook and His Book

Some things NOT revealed in a new publication

MOST authors count themselves lucky if their first book is favourably reviewed. Mr. Netley Lucas, the author of the "Autobiography of a Crook," must be to-day in the seventh heaven of delight. The reviewers tumbled over one another.

He must regard them as very simple characters. We are glad to think that he has, with good reason, a somewhat different opinion of this journal. He did, indeed, seek our assistance in his path to literary honours. We knew too much about him and declined to give it.

We hope that Mr. Netley Lucas has turned over a new leaf and sincerely repents his past. If so, he has plenty to repent. His real name is Armstrong Mackenzie, and he has posed at various times as a peer's son, a son of a famous colonel, and as a naval officer. In these self-adopted capacities he robbed his victims right and left. He graduated at Borstal, and has been

in jail several times for fraud. Some two years ago he was pointed out in a night club to our Special Commissioner as a notable figure in the underworld of crime, and as a young man who was the subject of special interest to the police. Shortly after this Mr. Netley Lucas, giving the name of Christopher Evelyn, called upon us and offered an article dealing with Queenie Gerald, the notorious evil woman of Mayfair.

His article was to stagger humanity. It did not. We declined to touch it. Lucas did not know that we knew "Christopher" was Netley Lucas trying another confidence trick.

He was not easily discouraged. He came back with an even more sensational story of a well-known bishop devoted, in secret, to degrading vices and horrible malpractices that would stagger humanity even more alarmingly. Involved, he said, in these highly placed immoral orgies were also a general and a titled lawyer. He said that he

had written proof which he was prepared to produce for a preliminary payment of twenty pounds.

He did not get the twenty pounds, but was shown the door.

During the time he was trying to become an eminent journalist at our expense, we were investigating his activities. We found that he was running a bogus journalistic agency, and that he had stolen and forged cheques from a journalist whom he had induced to help him. A paragraph in JOHN BULL warning the public against him was followed by his arrest and conviction.

A few months ago he was deported from Canada for fraud, and his book has now come out. If he intends, as a reformed character, to stick to literature, we agree that he is taking the better path. But he must not be surprised if, in view of his attempts to impose upon JOHN BULL, we intend to wait a little longer before accepting his assurances at their face value.

Ruined on the Rand

South African Police Scandal

RECENTLY there arrived in this country, after a long sojourn in Rhodesia, Mr. Eric V. Deane, formerly a trooper in the British South Africa Mounted Police. After twelve years' service in this force he has been compelled to return home beggared by a monstrous act of injustice which has deprived him of gratuity and leave pay to the amount of £400.

He enlisted in 1909. Section 24 of the Police Ordinance says: "A member of the force who has served with diligence and fidelity for not less than ten years shall be entitled to receive with a gratuity at the rate of one month's pensionable emoluments for every year's service." Another section provides for re-engagement, subject to good conduct and efficiency."

In 1919 Mr. Deane had earned his gratuity, and the fact that his re-engagement was accepted is sufficient proof of his good conduct. Moreover, when he applied for his discharge shortly afterwards, when an opportunity of obtaining civilian employment presented itself, his application was refused, it being impossible to dispense with his services, which is an indication that he must have been regarded as a valuable asset to the force.

"Crimes."

His regimental offences during his ten years of service were negligible, comprising such youthful blunders as singing in a barrack-room, for which he was fined a few shillings, and shooting a kaffir fowl, for which he was fined £1. But for another circumstance, he would have had a perfectly clean sheet. He had the misfortune to be involved in a charge of assaulting a native as the outcome of administering a mild thrashing to a boy caught stealing at a mine. He was under an obligation to the manager of the mine for assistance given in the removal of police buildings, and he was asked to agree to this chastisement in which the culprit himself was involved, so as to obviate witnesses being sent to travel thirty-five miles to the nearest magistrate, which would have necessitated the closing down of the mine for two days. Under pressure he consented, and he returned to the mine well satisfied with his punishment.

a Year Later!

Months later he was fined for the instance of a native comrade who bore him ill-will. The matter was not allowed to rest with his re-engagement, it was presumed that it was not as derogatory to his "good conduct and efficiency." This occurrence is made the basis for withholding the gratuity pay which practically wiped out the savings accruing from years' service!

GRAVE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

BRANDED WITH SHAME BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

The Man with the Powder-puff

THERE is a young man languishing to-day in jail who, we most firmly believe, ought not to be there. So far, no publicity has been given to his extraordinary case. We give it here in the hope that public opinion will be roused to demand the immediate release of this unhappy youth.

He is not only in jail, but he is in jail on a dreadful charge, one that must blast his career—a charge of the grossest form of indecency that can be brought against a man.

Here, roughly, are the facts as the case was made out against him. Shortly after leaving a public convenience in York Place, off the Strand, he was arrested by a plain clothes officer and taken in charge for importuning male persons for immoral purposes. Immediately afterwards, another man in plain clothes came up from the place he had just left, and turned out also to be a plain clothes officer. The two took the young man to Bow Street Police Station.

What the Police Found.

There he was searched, and on him was found a few pounds in money and, certainly a remarkable thing, a lady's powder-puff, powder and a small mirror.

At the police court the police officers gave evidence against him. They said that they had followed him for some time, had seen him accost several men, and one of them stated that he had observed his indecent behaviour with a third person in the place he had just left.

He was not arrested on the spot—though why, we don't know. He was arrested some distance away, not in York Place, nor in Buckingham Street, to which it leads, but in the crowded Strand. Had he been arrested on the spot there would have been no question of mistaken identity.

Nor was the man he is alleged to have affronted asked to give evidence. Why not? We confess we do not know. Nor does anybody else.

Shadowed in the Strand.

At the police station he told his story and his movements. When he appeared in court he was astonished to hear that he had been followed by the police from the Tivoli in the Strand to the Corner House, and back again to the Strand. He had not been in the Strand before the occasion on which he was arrested, but had been to the Coliseum.

A third policeman gave evidence that he saw traces of powder on the prisoner's face. This was denied by the youth.

That is the case for the prosecution—three police officers to one young man, which evidently ruled out the margin of error in mistaken identity. He was convicted. No doubt, for the same reason, the conviction was upheld on appeal to the Sessions.

Now who is this boy who, by the long arm of coincidence and a mis-

take of identity—a perfectly honest mistake—has thus been branded with the mark of infamy and ruined for life? What was he doing where he was, and why was he carrying a lady's powder-puff?

His name is Thomas Burge. He is twenty-three, and he lives with his parents at 21, Madaline Street, Pentre Rhonda. He is by trade a railway porter. What is his character?

Official enquiries from the local Superintendent of Police, who knew him well personally, brought the answer that it was exemplary. Similar testimony of character has been given on his behalf by two local Justices of the Peace, his station-master, and the branch secretary of his Union. Mr. W. G. Cove, M.P., who knew him personally, went into the box to give evidence of a similar character.

Is this the type of young man who becomes a social pest in the West End of London among the hardened and impudent blackguards long inured to their shameless traffic?

Is this the type of young man who becomes a social pest in the West End of London among the hardened and impudent blackguards long inured to their shameless traffic?

Visit to Wembley.

How long, then, had he been in London and what was he doing there? The answer is again completely convincing. A Welsh railway porter, even though he occasionally gets a free pass, cannot often be in London. He had been here seven times in the previous five years. His maximum visit was a week—his annual leave. He was therefore no case-hardened West End pest, but a simple country visitor.

On this occasion he came with his mother, who is a trained nurse, and a woman of the highest character, for the week-end. They came to see Wembley, and spent this fateful day there together. The boy wished to take his mother to a theatre in the evening, but they had started for London at six in the morning, the mother was tired after the fatiguing round of the Exhibition, and she begged the boy to go by himself while she went to bed.

Tom Burge left to go to the theatre. What was he doing after eleven o'clock at night loitering about in Buckingham Street, which, at that hour, is not free from undesirable characters? The answer again is perfectly plain and absolutely convincing.

In Buckingham Street there live a Mr. and Mrs. Gaynor. They are old friends of Burge and he had always before stopped with them on his previous visits to London.

On this occasion, however, he and his mother stayed at the Bedford Head Hotel, Tottenham Court Road,

frequented by many Welsh people, and he had written to the Gaynors to say that he would call and pay them a visit. He did not mind the lateness of the hour, as he knew they went late to bed. That is why he was in Buckingham Street that night.

All these statements are supported by evidence, in this case that of the Gaynors themselves, who went into the box and testified to his character and also to the fact that he had previously written promising to call, and that the late hour was a natural one for him to come.

If this were all we have no doubt the charge would have fallen to the ground—an obvious case of honestly mistaken identity.

But there remains the damning evidence of the powder-puff. The most simple circumstance of the lot!

It belonged to his mother!

She was carrying it in a lady's vanity bag, with keys and money. The jet link handle broke. Before leaving the hotel, the mother took out the powder-puff, the mirror, their keys and her money, and asked her son to carry them for her on the journey to Wembley. That is why the boy had a powder-puff in his possession.

When they came back, and he was rushing off to the theatre, he forgot to hand them over. But as he was going out of the hotel his mother sent a chambermaid to him for the keys. He handed them to her and went out. This is no afterthought. The chambermaid came forward and gave evidence as to the incident.

There is the story.

We could add, if we had space, an infinitude of details supporting his defence—how, for instance, his anguished mother went into the box and confirmed the fact that the articles found upon him were hers, and told where she had got them.

Branded with Shame.

But there was the circumstantial evidence; and the case presented by the three officers, who undoubtedly acted in good faith, was so strong that the magistrate had no alternative but to convict—even though the police did not bring forward any evidence of people who were supposed to have been annoyed, or the third party alleged to have been seen to be affronted.

The Home Secretary is not bound as magistrates appear to be, by a preponderance of police evidence. And we therefore ask him to look into all the circumstances of this tragic and appalling miscarriage of justice, and to remove from this unhappy youth, not only the restraint upon his liberty, but the dreadful brand of shame that is eating into his heart and clouding with undeserved sorrow and agony the lives of the parents he loves, and to whom he has always been a model and devoted son.



Sir W. Joynton Hicks, the Home Secretary, to whom we here appeal.

JOHN BULL

The Shock in Chocolate

Food for thought

AN inspector in the employ of the Islington Borough Council recently visited the Albion Chocolate Works, Islington, the proprietor of which, Mr. S. Lewis, seems to believe that the true science of chocolate making is to mix sugar with dirt.

The evidence subsequently given to the Islington magistrates was of a most shocking description. The inspector, a member of the chocolate-eating sex, said that when she visited the factory she found the floors very dirty and thickly covered with a texture of grease, sawdust and chocolate.

Pans of the sweetmeat were cooling in an open yard close to the stables, and in one receptacle she saw what she took to be sawdust, but what she afterwards learned was cocoanut intended to give Mr. Lewis' chocolates a flavour all their own.

Asked for his medical opinion, Dr. Trotter stated that chocolates made under such conditions were liable to cause serious illness. Whatever else Mr. Lewis' sweetstuffs might be good for they were certainly not fit to eat.

Imposing a fine of 20s. the Chairman expressed regret that the law permitted him to exact no heavier penalty, but fortunately he was able to stiffen this paltry fine by the addition of £10 10s. costs.

Will Mr. Lewis learn his lesson? The Islington Borough Council should keep their eye on him. We certainly shall.

Wrecking a Home.

ON October 17, 1924, Mr. Charles F. Burgess, of Forestgate, New Town, Tenterden, Kent, received a loan of £40 from Jack Koski, of 1, Watts' Place, High Street, Chatham, and 106, Jermyn Street, London. In return he gave a promissory note for £64, repayable in monthly instalments of £6 each. His parents, both of whom are over seventy, signed the bill with him.

Burgess failed to pay the first instalment, which fell due on November 17. No time was allowed him, and on November 28 a writ was issued claiming £64 and costs. By January 1 the bailiffs were in.

Everything of value possessed either by Burgess himself or by the old people was taken away, to be auctioned on January 10. So another home vanished at the hands of the law, to satisfy the rapacity of the money-lending system.

It is only fair to say that Koski, the moneylender, acted strictly within his "rights."

But the scandal is that, in the process, it was possible for him to obtain, in less than three months, a profit of £24 on £40 which is the equivalent of 240 per cent. per annum.

This rate of interest, though small by comparison with some, proves how well worth while it is to be a Shylock.

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PASSING THE BUCK!

Imitation which is Insincere Flattery

SOME remarkable things have occurred since our exclusive exposure of the Wernher Jewel robbery, in which we gave the names used by the notorious "cat" burglar and his associates, and described how the amazing burglary at Bath House was carried out.

"Little George," otherwise Craig, who is regarded in the underworld as the chief of the gang, is still at large. He read our exposure with alarm. He sat one evening in a Regent Street café with some friends—one of whom was an associate of a conspicuous figure in the famous Mr. "A" case—and marvelled at our "inside" knowledge of his movements and career.

In the article dealing with the Wernher Jewel coup, we said that a notorious figure in the Long Firm Fraud Gang, which has devastated the commercial life of the country, was more concerned with it than appeared to be suspected by the police. We followed that article by the most explicit and informed exposure of the "Long Firm Gang" that has yet appeared in the Press. We called upon the police to take more effective action in bringing to book the hundreds of long firm swindlers,

and, particularly the ten men who direct the activities of most of them.

Last week the police rounded up something like thirty men who are alleged to have been concerned in this widespread life of crime.

But the police have not yet put their hands on the real criminals—the people who are making a deliberate and concerted raid on the commercial community with an organisation that has ramifications all over the country and powerful connections on the Continent.

Until the real men are arrested, the fraud will continue on a large scale, and when the small fry are caught they will give the excuse that they were only doing what had previously been done to them as the following example shows.

We were recently asked by many of our readers what we thought of a firm called Thomas H. Halliday, of 167, Princess Street, Manchester, which was offering employment at a salary of £5 a week. The only condition was that the applicant would be desired to deposit £2 as security for samples.

We warned the public against this

preposterous offer, and we are glad that we have been instrumental in saving those who read this journal from this particular booby trap.

Since then the firm of T. H. Halliday has been closed down by the police. It was run by two Irish brothers named George and Benjamin Vick, of Dublin. They pleaded that as innocent visitors from Ireland they had been robbed of their last penny by a bogus firm. So, to get their own back, they imitated their plunderers, a procedure known in America as "passing the buck."

They were sent to prison for four months, partly because "passing the buck" is not to be encouraged in this country, and partly because the court did not believe their engaging story that they were bland and innocent Irishmen who had been duped by the wicked and wily English, experts of the "Long Firm Fraud."

As a matter of fact one of the brothers, George Vick, was apparently not free from wickedness and wiliness himself, as he had fled from Dublin after a warrant had been issued for him there, charging him with false pretences and larceny!

That Happy Old Age

OLD age hath yet its honour and its due." A noble sentiment of the poet Tennyson, but scarcely suitable to be used as the epitaph of an aged woman who has just died in the Park Lane Almshouses of the Teddington District Council.

This unhappy old creature, Miss Polly Stephens, was a lonely spinster. Many years ago she was in good circumstances and lived with her father, who was a respected business man at Kingston-on-Thames. After her father died she fell on evil days, and having no relatives, drifted along the hard path of poverty which led to the almshouse.

Here she died a few days ago from that dread disease, cancer. No one saw her for days before she died, and she passed away without a friend

near her to tend her last moments and to watch over her as she gave up the life which had long been to her a trial and a tribulation.

At the best it would be a sad ending. One almost hesitates to add the further elements of tragedy. The place in which she died is described by Dr. Davidson, the local Police Surgeon, as in a deplorably insanitary and filthy condition, and unfit for human habitation.

She had no one to clean her or the place in which she lived and died. The room was full of rubbish, and her bedclothes and clothing were only fit for burning. The old woman is described as lying in bed in a mass of filth.

These are terrible conditions in which to find any of God's creatures touched by the hand of Death. If it

happened in a humble lodging of some poor unfortunate, struggling against poverty and despair, it would be a scandal to society that it should be possible.

But it happened in an almshouse left by the charity of past generations to succour the poor and the needy. It is the clear duty of the public authority which now controls these almshouses to see that such disgraceful and dreadful conditions are not permitted to continue.

Dr. Davidson states that he has asked if these premises are periodically inspected, but he had been unable to get any information.

Are the public of Teddington satisfied that the way in which these almshouses are supervised is adequate? We do them the compliment of believing that they are

Tottenham Goalkeeper's Kick

THE finest shot I've ever gathered."

That was how one of Tottenham Hotspur's goal-keepers described the £500 he has just "gathered" in "Bullets" Competition No. 546. The prize-winner, Mr. H. E. Blake, who lives at 24, Wingmore Road, Church Road, Tottenham, is a young married man whose name and face will be familiar to thousands of football enthusiasts.

Sitting by the fireside with his wife and little girl, Mr. Blake told a JOHN BULL representative of a considerable period of competing in "Bullets," during which he has been encouraged by "Target" prizes, but nothing bigger.

"He'd sit working away at

'Bullets' for hours at a time," said Mrs. Blake laughingly, "and I'm glad he did—now."

A systematic competitor who keeps careful record of his entries, Mr. Blake consulted a book and turned up the winning "Bullet":—"In Sight—Peace—So Is Mars!" "As a matter of fact," he went on, "I had hit on the idea for this particular 'Bullet' some weeks before the right 'Example' for it turned up. Not long ago, when astronomers were attempting to solve the riddle of Mars, it occurred to me that the double application of that word to the planet and the God of War might fit into a good 'Bullet' and I made a note of the idea.

"I am always on the look-out for

possible 'Bullets' ideas," continued our prize-winner. "Once, I remember a bright thought occurred to me in the darkness of a cinema, and I jot it down on the corner of a cigarette packet. I recommend competitors to carry a note-book, so that their brain-waves are not wasted."

"The hint should be useful," a representative said. "And since you are as keen a follower of football as of 'Bullets,' perhaps you would also like to do a little promoting for our readers' benefit. What are you going to win the Cup this year?"

"I should say Bolton Wanderers have as good a chance as any other—except one!" he replied with a smile.

THOSE WICKED WORKERS!

AT a time when the question of Trade Unions is being discussed in all circles, Lord Denbigh's view of the position will be of special interest. We must remember, he says, that industrial peace cannot exist alongside that class hatred which the extremists preach.

by THE EARL OF DENBIGH, C.V.O.

WHILE much attention is being given to world peace, it is also necessary to concentrate on how to obtain industrial peace at home, which for us is just as important. In this direction the policy of the great Trade Unions is the deciding factor.

Every effort should be made to induce them to cease being political organisations, to drop ideals which are impracticable with the inherent and universal qualities of human nature, and to concentrate on regarding our problems and difficulties from an up-to-date, common-sense, business point of view.

The broad facts of the case are that the war had the standard of living in the ranks of what is called the "working-classes," who naturally wish to maintain that standard. But too many of them entirely fail to see that it can only be maintained in this country through the general efforts of industry being available to pay for our imports of food and raw materials, to the tune of almost one thousand million pounds a year.

Who Knew he was Wrong.

Industry can only be carried on profitably under the system known as capitalism, the system gradually evolved throughout the centuries, the system under which the commerce of the very existence of civilisation has been based on ever since the days when the rights of private property began to be acknowledged and became a crime to knock one's neighbour on the head and steal his possessions.

As a result of the war and the Communist revolution in Russia certain sections of people in most countries became infected with the peculiar form of lunacy which attempted to put into practice the wild theories of Karl Marx and the belief that abolition of private property and the nationalisation of all industry would remove the evils of poverty and result in universal happiness and contentment. These doctrines are becoming more and more "blown away" every day.

I have heard within the last few days on the debatable authority of a letter which Lenin, before he became helpless, wrote to a friend in Germany. In this he openly stated that he had found his theories of Communism of state—as opposed to private—ownership many centuries in advance of human nature and found it to-day. Consequently they had been abandoned. Trotsky has become entirely tired of these truths and is at present in a state of conflict with the extreme fanatics who keep a grip on the unfortunate Russian people, but whose day of account, it is hoped, is approaching.

Working for No One.

At the same time, though their power is weakening, they continue to carry on their mischievous propaganda for the spread of Socialism, as they begin to see more and more, though they admit it, that a real Socialist state living by its principles cannot exist in a capitalist

country. They still work for revolution, and they work for promoting strikes, unemployment, poverty and every other kind of necessary preliminaries to the final solution. British workers of the right type, the large majority of our people, are not communists nor revolutionists, but they

are too apt to take their views from the loudest shouter. For the sake of peace they often join a trade union and then fail to take an active share in the management.

Why do our trade unions remain behind the times, and why don't they encourage output instead of curtailing it? Why don't they study simple economic facts and realise that if a factory is working up to its full capacity it can turn out goods far cheaper and more saleable in the world's markets than if only partially employed?

Heavy Expenses; No Dividends.

I know one of our great industrial organisations which has to earn £100,000 per annum for the payment of its fixed charges before it can earn a penny of profit for distribution in dividends. These fixed charges are rates, taxes, management salaries and expenses, debenture interest and other items which have to be paid whether the factories are working full or half time.

Every industrial organisation, whether it be turning out motor-cars, engines, steel work, textiles or anything else, has to face similar charges, more or less according to circumstances. Supposing for the sake of argument the product of the particular factory referred to is motor-cars, and that its full capacity is 10,000 cars a year. Each car, in that case, has to be charged with £40 a year as its share of the fixed charges.



The Earl of Denbigh.

Does Uncle Sam Know the Secret?

On top of this comes labour, material, share of depreciation and what is placed to reserve account, before the management can arrive at the figure of actual cost and so determine at what figure of sale they can make a profit. But if the output is only 5,000 cars, each car's share of the fixed charges jumps from £40 to £80, and £40 more or less in the price is a large item.

I believe there is one large car factory where the management are content if they only make two or three pounds net profit on each car, but they can only live at this figure if the output is right.

Why can't our unions take a lesson from the U.S.A.? There is no curtailing of output there. And why on earth should there be curtailment of output?

I fear that in the past, when working at piece rates, there has too often been a justifiable fear that if the men are seen to be making too much money there will be a cutting of rates. There are no doubt short-sighted and narrow-minded men amongst employers as in other walks of life. It may happen, however, that, often under the stress of new competition from improved and cheapened processes or methods elsewhere, it is found impossible to continue making profits at existing rates even if a factory be working full time, and in such cases a wise and trusted management may avert trouble by a full disclosure of conditions and an appeal to the

reasonable common-sense of the men who work for them. One manager told me, however, how he had posted a notice that there would be no change in rates for twelve months, with the encouraging result of immediate better output.

In the cause of industrial peace, the mischief-making communist and the hot-headed agitator who lives by making trouble should be fought as the devil himself. Alongside of this, however, must come continuous and steady effort for improving the conditions of the people.

The housing and slum scandals are the greatest obstacles to peace and brook no delay, and I confidently look to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's efforts showing a record of steady and rapid progress. At the same time he can do little without strong backing in the face of the unpardonable attitude of some of the building unions in hampering the rapid erection of houses at reasonable prices.

The Brains of the Bricklayer.

Why should it take nearly as long to train a bricklayer as it does to train a doctor? Why should the bricklayers have displayed their hostility to the rapid training of ex-Service men, large numbers of whom would by now have been competent to render very efficient work? The net result will probably be very harmful to the building operatives themselves, for their attitude only drives people to exploit every possible means of erecting houses other than those which require highly skilled labour.

If, however, we are to profit by any coming demand for goods we must remember that industrial peace cannot exist alongside of that class hatred which extremists are constantly preaching. Whatever may have been the case many years ago when the so-called "gentleman" would not soil his fingers with work and considered anything connected with trade as beneath him, there are not many useless butterflies among us in these days.

"There is nothing more hateful than having nothing to do, but there is nothing more delightful than doing nothing"—a remark which some wise man said must have emanated from a very busy man. There are no hard and fast class distinctions nowadays. We can't work this modern world with the community in watertight compartments.

Fortunes or Fivers?

When you see a soap-box orator denouncing capitalists, ask him how he defines a capitalist. I asked the question the other day at an election meeting—"What is a capitalist?" "Any bloke wot's got five quid," promptly said a man with a very unwashed face at the bottom of the room, amidst the applause of those around him. "Good lad," I said, "you've got it in one."

Yes. Anyone with five quid or even less. Encourage and help him to turn it into ten, twenty, one hundred and more. Teach everybody that good trade comes from people having money to spend, and that the much abused "capital," which gives employment and makes the wheels of industry turn, comes not from the vaults of the millionaire—where some fools talk as if he kept bags full of gold—but from the general savings of the people.

Less taxation, industrial peace, security and encouragement to invest savings in industry is what our old country wants to bring in better times.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—Last week the number of unemployed rose by no fewer than 33,914, making the total of the registered workless 1,307,800—40,125 more than a year ago. And since these figures by no means disclose the whole extent of the trouble, the real total must be colossal. I cannot understand why Parliament should enjoy such lengthy vacations in view of this grave national crisis. I again urge that it should be summoned to deal solely with the unemployment problem. To spend another month in idleness is nothing short of criminal.

JOHN BULL.

To Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—The public have been shocked to read that Miss Edith Helen Clutson, a Red Cross nurse who was several times wounded, once being shot through the lung, while acting as a volunteer stretcher-bearer on the battlefields in France, has for the last eighteen months been lying in a Poor Law Institution at Aylsham, Norfolk, suffering fearful agonies from consumption and cancer without a pension. It is painful to think that a young woman who showed such heroism in the cause of humanity should be reduced to so pitiful a plight, and I hope you will order an immediate investigation of the case with the view of remedying this lamentable state of things.

JOHN BULL.

To EARL WINTERTON,
Under Secretary of State for India.

MY LORD,—I am glad that the cares of State leave you time to look after the welfare of your tenants in St. George-in-the-East. Your plan of providing a club in this district "for the use and benefit of married women residents," is a novel and interesting one. It will, I am sure, be a welcome boon to East End mothers who are too often left out in the cold when there's any fun around.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. AMERY, M.P.,
Colonial Secretary.

SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to the failure of the Government of the Irish Free State to provide proper compensation for many loyalists who suffered severe material losses during the disturbances in that country. A letter dated July 26, 1922, sent by H.M. Government to the Provisional Government of Ireland, clearly states that "while the responsibility for meeting these claims to compensation must rest upon the Irish Government, H.M. Government cannot divest themselves of a duty to see that such claims are met equitably." Many instances of totally inadequate awards brought to my notice make it clear that it is very necessary for that duty to be carried out.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES,
Chairman, Food Commission.

DEAR SIR,—Your witnesses have repeatedly denied that millers refuse to supply flour to bakers who sell bread at less than a fixed price. Mr. A. E. Matthews, a director of Bell's Stores, Ltd., has now signed a statement giving the lie direct to these statements. As he is a victim of this deliberate boycotting, he may be presumed to know what he is talking about. And what I should like to know is what you propose to do in the matter.

JOHN BULL.

To WALTER SHAW CROSS, Esq.,
Manchester Teachers' Association.

SIR,—I congratulate you upon your ability to see things clearly and see them whole. "The education problem will never be settled," you say, "until the housing and unemployment problems have been solved." In short it is little use attempting to cram the minds of children until their bodies are fed and kept healthy by fresh air and sunshine. It is strange that this should be so often overlooked.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. RANDALL DAVIDSON, D.D.,
Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Congratulations on your efforts to push through the clergy pension scheme. As you say, it is a scandal and a reproach to the Church of England that some of its poorest paid parish priests are at present required to retire themselves still further to provide pensions for their retired predecessors. Add to this that nine-tenths of your curates are shamefully sweated, and I think you will agree that there are sad defects in the financial organisation of "the richest Church in Christendom."

JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE LANSBURY, Esq., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—In your controversy with the Dean of Durham you seem to assume that if a man is Christian he must of necessity become a member of the Labour Party. As though, forsooth, there were no room for honest men to differ about the tenets of Socialism. I do wish you would get out of the habit of regarding any man who differs from you in politics as a hypocrite and a liar. Do not your brand of Christianity inculcate the virtue of charity?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOHN HEDGES,
Shareholder, L.M. and S. Railway Company.

DEAR JOHN,—Just listen to yourself. "If a strike takes place I would shut up the railways entirely." With this gem of wisdom did you enliven a special meeting of the company in which you have the good fortune to own shares. I would venture to remind you that the railways exist primarily for the benefit, not of the shareholders, but of the travelling public, and it is the duty of the former to avoid provocative language and use every effort to arrive at a peaceful solution of industrial disputes. It is a good job you are a person of no importance.

JOHN BULL.

To the BRITISH AND ARGENTINE MEAT CO.,
West Smithfield, E.C.

SIRS,—The fact that you were last week fined £7 on each of three charges of exposing for sale at Hereford, meat unfit for human food points to an intolerable condition of things which would be shameful in any circumstances, and is doubly disgraceful in the case of a concern of such magnitude as yours. People have to pay dear for meat, in all conscience, without being subjected to the risk of poisoning themselves by it. I hope the conviction will be a lesson to you, and cause you to exercise more care in future.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

V. GALLAGHER:—The outlook is promising for development of a mass revolutionary party. It was never less promising. That is why prominent Communists have "rattled."

LLOYD GEORGE:—I am not afraid of being a minority. Perhaps not, but I have a suspicion that you feel uncomfortable.

MR. WHEATLEY:—Capitalism is committing suicide. We can only comment that, like a certain king, it is to be "an unconscionable time dying."

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD:—Under present conditions great slum clearances are impossible. Not denied. But what you have to do is to alter the present conditions, and speedily.

REV. J. RORKE:—I cannot believe that the world is a worse place than it used to be. Go to the nearest Labour Exchange and have a look at the men who have been unemployed for five years.

THE ONLY WAY.



JOHN BULL: "Come, Uncle, lend us a hand."

Without Fear or Favour

THE ARROW OF SHAME

A Case for Enquiry

THE money-lender's tout is no respecter of persons or of precincts. His evil influence is rampant in Government offices, and his aiders and abettors are not always persons of the poorer type. We have unimpeachable authority for stating that in some cases the officials who "introduce" clients to the sons of Shylock are actually superior in rank to the men whom they deliver to the usurers.

For the most part these touts are careful to hide their identity. They work in secret. Their practice is to wait till they hear of a colleague temporarily embarrassed, and then it is arranged that the innocent to be plucked shall receive at his private residence an artfully worded circular, which in his dire emergency reads like a charter of deliverance.

Too often the document proves a passport to perdition. Rarely does the victim know that of every pound he pays to the usurer a goodly proportion is finding its way to the pockets of the colleague who seems to manage so much better on his salary than anyone else in the office. More sinister is the undoubted fact that embarrassed debtors in the Civil Service and other dignified occupations are frequently blackmailed in their turn into becoming touts for the money-lenders.

It is notorious that some of the leading loan merchants who have special machinery for "combing" the Civil Service, the banks, shipping offices, are on a search of new victims, and it ought not to pass the wit of man to devise some means of tracking down their secret agents. The sooner the better.

Childless Heroines

PROMINENT educationists are bewailing the falling birth-rate.

This attitude is a little difficult to reconcile with their constant lamentations over large classes and exhausted teachers. The birth-rate question is not one for hasty pronouncements.

Among large sections of the population each new baby causes something like a domestic panic. Superficial thinkers deplore the fact that women avoid child-bearing. It would be better if they considered the reasons.

Women do not deliberately forgo the joys of motherhood without adequate cause. They are driven by sheer economic necessity to deny their deepest instincts.

Instead of decrying the falling birth-rate, let economists and politicians strive to make a reduction of births unnecessary. Given the essentials of family comfort, we need have no fear that the universal mother instinct will not provide for people the world.

Justice should be Stern—but Sane

IN spite of the improvement in our prison system, there are many reforms still to be carried out. The practice of sending first offenders to jail needs drastic alteration.

IT is easy to point to the vast improvement of our prison system which has been effected in recent years. But this is only one side of the story. There are still glaring defects which will have to be remedied before we can claim to have entirely outgrown the cruel and stupid conditions of the past.

We need to keep always in mind the true function of punishment. Our jails ought not to be temples of vengeance, but senior reformatories, with a genuine moral aim. The true ends of punishment are two-fold: to reform the offender and to prevent crime. The prison system, as we know it, does not always keep these important ends in view.

According to the last Report of the Prison Commissioners, the total number of committals to prison last year were 58,216, showing a decrease of 2,616 on previous annual returns. Closer examination reveals less pleasing results. The decline in certain forms of crime finds an evil compensation in a large increase of such obnoxious offences as aggravated and indecent assaults on women and children.

Another disquieting feature is the large number of first offenders sent to prison. In the year under review, 38 per cent. of the men convicted and 17 per cent. of the women had never before been in jail. These figures represent a ghastly spoiling of young lives.

FOR the most part first offenders are of tender years—and therefore becomes a question of the first importance to consider whether such youthful lapses might not be corrected by other and wiser means.

More than half the lads under twenty-one sent to prison in the year covered by the Commissioner's Report were first offenders. Worse still, eighty-seven boys and girls under sixteen were sent to jail. There is a terrible significance in these figures. Too often, as we know, the man or woman who has once been to jail, no matter how trivial the crime or short the period of detention, bears a brand indelible for life.

The figures clearly show that magistrates are much too prone to impose short sentences of imprisonment in cases where a fine or a probationary order would amply satisfy the requirements of public safety. Small doses of prison treatment do not prevent crime. All too frequently they tend to foster criminal propensities, so true is it that "evil communications corrupt good manners."

NO youth should be sent to jail for an offence demanding less than three months' imprisonment. These short sentences for trumpery offences, demoralising as they are to the prisoners, involve a huge waste of public money. In the year under notice 7,330 people were sent to prison for one week or less, while as many as 809 were marked with the brand of the jail though detained only for five days!

Another reform urgently called for is the provision of separate prison accommodation for youthful offenders. Adult jails are not a suitable environment for young prisoners.



Sir E. Ruggles-Brise
Chairman of the
Prison Commission

Penny Postage

AN early return of the penny post is a fast-receding hope. Already there is a sure prospect of a post office surplus quite large enough to justify the concession, but the official answer is "No." It is the old story.

The last word is left to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who for political reasons wants to keep the surplus in hand to juggle with the boxes in other directions, or maybe, for the sake of having something to spend on fancy schemes of reform. But no remission of taxation we are likely to get can compensate us for the absence of cheap postage. For one thing, remissions of taxation, as we know by past experience, have an unhappy knack of benefiting no one but the profiteer.

No tricks of this sort could be played with the penny post. It is the one concession from which everyone would benefit, and which no profiteer can tap. Really we ought to have this boon at once. Like lower railway freights, cheaper postage would benefit trade, and in benefiting trade would doubly benefit the community.

At the same time, there should be a remission, or at any rate a reduction, of the twopenny duty on cheques and receipts. This is a burdensome poll-tax on every commercial transaction, and we shall be disappointed if Mr. Churchill does not see his way to dispense with it.

As far as the Post Office is concerned, it would be an excellent thing if it were allowed to manage its own affairs, without recourse to the Treasury, whose rival claims have so long hindered concessions which are vital to the business community.

Profiteering by Force

LAST week we showed how swollen profits were being made out of flour, which, costing 55s. a sack, was sold as bread at 10d. per loaf, ninety-six loaves being obtained from each sack of 280 pounds. Attention can now be directed to the merciless tyranny of the millers' combines as shown by their boycott of the less greedy bakers who are willing to sell at less than 10d. the loaf.

An Aberavon firm have for some time retailed loaves at 8d., and as they supplied the poorer residents of the town their trade grew apace. Suddenly the millers informed this firm that unless they raised their prices they would get no flour. The millers openly claim the right to dictate prices.

Not long ago a public man told the millers in plain language that public needs must take precedence of private profits. This is sound doctrine; but the Food Commission has not yet taken it to heart.

JOHN BULL



The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health.

The Bread Thieves

THE loaf for which struggling workmen and anæmic shopgirls pay a monstrous price is a loaf denounced by medical authority, says our contributor, who suggests that our Minister of Health should take over the milling industry

by
**"A GENTLEMAN
WITH A DUSTER"**

WITH the last general election came a slump in political gush. Mr. Lloyd George, endeavouring to revive this art, reminds most people of an ancient tragedian, who, in a seedy fur coat, hangs over a wine-bar in the Strand and talks tiresomely of Sir Henry Irving.

But the Government will be uncommonly stupid if they think that they have only to warm their hands at Mr. Baldwin's pipe to keep the affection of their countrymen.

I have been greatly struck during the past few weeks not only by the persistence of socialistic ideas, but by the lucidity and the reasonableness, with which some of those ideas are now being discussed by men of calm judgment and wide experience in business who would never think of calling themselves Socialists. Unless I am wrong, sane Socialism is all the better for the condemnation of freak politics which the British people registered so effectively at the last election.

The air is cleared. We can see better our difficulties. If any detail of Socialism is valuable the nation is in the mood to consider it dispassionately, for the people are carrying great burdens, and are not happy.

SIR FELIX POLE, general manager of the Great Western Railway, in addressing the staff of the company on their duty to the public, uttered a useful epigram: "A business succeeds," he said, "only as it serves." Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who is not afraid of being called a Socialist, would subscribe to this doctrine; I can think of four other cabinet ministers who would readily accept the epigram of Sir Felix Pole as expressing their general view of industry. An industry must serve the public well or it must go. We all loosely agree to that, whatever we call ourselves in politics. But see where it leads us.

Suppose the industry is one that is essential to the national well-being. Neither the Conservative nor the Socialist could leave it to perish of its own incompetence. The Conservative would have to socialise that essential industry. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, I am certain, would not hesitate to nationalise any essential industry that was failing to serve the public efficiently; and he would take this step without surrendering one of his individualistic principles. The die-hard might shiver in his shoes; but the heart of the young Tory Democrat would rejoice.

LET us think of one particular industry, and one that could easily be nationalised by a Conservative Government without fluttering the doves of Lombard Street or drawing more than a screech or two from the parrots of Carmelite House.

Nothing is more essential to national well-being than good cheap food. The main item of food is bread. In the artificial conditions of modern life we have lost our fathers' due

sense of the enormous value of this natural food. Medical authority is now beginning to remind us of its extreme value. Wholemeal bread, we are told, is necessary to health: not brown bread, but wholemeal bread, a vastly different thing. Its absence from the diet of the people means rickets in children, and in adults all those terrible diseases which arise from intestinal poisoning.

But medical authority proclaims that "it is almost impossible to buy wholemeal bread in the bakers' shops." Millers will not supply it. What the baker calls wholemeal bread is useless and adulterated white flour mixed with horse bran. The milling industry succeeds because it is an essential industry. It serves the public disgracefully, but it prospers because the public cannot do without it. It does not deserve to succeed. It deserves, in its present condition, nothing but destruction at the hands of the State.

NOW here is an obvious case for sane Socialism. This is the kind of thing that moderate and reasonable men want to see a Conservative Government do, and the kind of thing which a Conservative Government could do without injuring the individualistic basis of our British civilisation. Bread is as necessary as postage stamps and submarines. If the nation owns its Post Office and its Navy, it can also own its granaries and its mills.

The people of this country are growing angry with the millers. Bread goes up in price, and it is bad bread. The millers evidently do not know how to buy corn, however well-versed they may be in swelling their profits by means of treating their flour with deleterious chemicals. The virgin cornfields of the world are their market, but they buy so clumsily that the baker

has continually to put up the price of the loaf, and the loaf for which the struggling workman and the anæmic shopgirl pay a monstrous price is a loaf sternly denounced by medical authority.

LET Mr. Neville Chamberlain announce that he intends to build national granaries, to fill those granaries with corn brought from every quarter of the globe, and to take over the milling industry in order to supply the bakers with unadulterated wholemeal flour, fixing the price of the loaf: let him do this, and, besides strengthening the national health, of which he is the guardian, he would convince democracy that Conservatism is mindful of the welfare of the people, and is not the paid bully of vested interests.

This example of an industry which might be nationalised is chiefly a telling one because it touches the health and the pocket of everybody in the community. But there are others; and I find reasonable men saying that they are convinced the State will be more and more forced to give its attention to essential industries which fail to serve the public efficiently.

The point is plain. Individualism which is honest, efficient, and aware of its duty to the public is safe: it has nothing to fear because it is better than State action. We all prefer it. We all see how competition serves our interests. But an individualism which is dishonest, inefficient, and selfish can no more exist in these days than a bad king or an immoral church.

"A business succeeds," and deserves to succeed, "only as it serves." That is the test of modern democracy. If any signs of the time are clearer than others, they are those which proclaim the doom of the profiteer, who insolently and criminally regards the public as his victims.

*There are some crimes that only
the "cat" could stop.*

OUR unpaid magistrates have contributed another nail to the coffin in which lovers of justice hope to see them presently buried, by a judgment which has thrilled the country with amazement and horror.

A middle-aged pottery worker, named Wm. J. Coupe, of Whittington Moor in Derbyshire, entered a local pottery works, and, in the absence of the fireman, opened the furnace door, and threw a living fox-terrier into the raging flames.

What reason could justify or even excuse so monstrous a crime? The report only tells us that "when the fireman returned he heard cries from the furnace and saw the nose of a dog at the side and one of its paws protruding. He flung the door back, but the dog was almost lifeless. It was raked back on the fire and covered with slack coal so that it might be promptly put out of its misery." Another witness testified that "when the dog was thrown on the fire, there was a flame, and the cries of the animal were indescribable."

When the fireman asked the accused why he had done this incredible horror, he blandly replied: "It is too late. It has gone now." Brought before the Chesterfield magistrates to account for his crime, he simply pleaded "Guilty!" Is there, in the black record of human infamy, a tale

AN APOLOGUE

of more wanton, causeless, cruel, hellish wickedness?

We shuddered lately at the callousness of a murderer who hacked and carved a woman's body into pieces and flung the gobbets out of the beasts and birds. But he had at least a reason. What reason could William Coupe have for hurling a poor little dog—a dumb, helpless, faithful little dog—into a raging furnace?

It was, as Macbeth's Witches said, "a deed without a name." One reads of it, and stands aghast, helpless to find words fitting its heinousness. The law, it appears, has provided no penalty proportionate to its awfulness. Probably our modern law-makers never dreamt that such sheer ruffianism could have survived from the age when men were near akin to beasts. A fitting punishment for such savagery to the dog should have been the savagery of the "cat." But there was legal warrant only for a sentence of months' hard labour.

The magistrates, in their wisdom, decided to reduce this maximum to two months! Why the clemency? In the name of wonder, why? Two months' sentence was enough to cover the

The Bishop's Nightmare

THE world is not a more evil place than it has ever been, says A. G. G., replying to the Bishop of Chelmsford. It is incredibly better: we have developed a social conscience that will not tolerate the cruelties of other days

by
A. G. GARDINER



The Bishop of Chelmsford.

ACCORDING to the Bishop of Chelmsford the world is clattering back into barbarism. He looks out over society and sees "red ruin and the breaking up of laws," religion dead or dying, ideals ignored or openly scoffed at, the Church bankrupt of power and disregarded, the people everywhere absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, immorality rampant, despair and frenzy, degeneration and decay, the gods of paganism triumphing over the things of the spirit, a universal stampede into a Gadarene abyss.

If this sombre picture is not only the truth but the whole truth then we can only hope that Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who has taken to prophesying that the end of the world is at hand, is well informed. A nightmare such as the Bishop of Chelmsford presents cannot be ended so soon. But is the picture the whole truth? Is it possible that the Bishop has got it out of focus, that he has left out all the high lights and given us only the shadows?

It is necessary, first of all, to warn the Bishop against the newspapers. He seems to attach too much importance to what he reads there—the divorces, the murders, the girl who puts her head in the oven after a dance, the strikes, the sensations of all sorts. These things are not new. They are as old as the story of humanity. But they are not the normal happenings; they are the abnormal happenings.

For one person who murders his wife or his mistress, or appears in the divorce court, or puts his head in an oven, there are millions of us who go on living ordinary, civilised lives. And the newspapers never mention us. But the Bishop ought not to leave us entirely out of his picture simply because we do not do the things

which he says we oughtn't to do. If crime is the test of social health, we are not going down into the abyss. We are climbing out of the abyss.

There was never relatively less crime in the world than there is to-day.

And the Bishop should not forget his history. He should remember that the world has always been an evil place, a battlefield on which the forces that make for righteousness and the powers of darkness have always been engaged in desperate grapple. Sometimes the tide of battle sways this way; sometimes that, and it is necessary to take long views to form a just estimate of which side is gaining ground.

The Old Testament, as the Bishop knows, is full of the lamentations of the prophets. Why, the jeremiad he has just uttered takes its name from those lamentations of long ago. I do not speak disrespectfully of jeremiads. I think we always have room for a Jeremiah to rebuke our follies and to warn us that if we don't mend our ways we shall perish. I do not object to Jeremiah telling us that we are miserable sinners. We are.

BUT I protest when he suggests that the world is a more evil place than it has ever been. It is not. It is a better place than it has ever been by whatever test you choose to apply, and by comparison with any time you choose to take. Was there ever a period since the world began when life was so secure, when men went about their business and pleasure with so much individual freedom, when personal liberty was so unfettered, when opinion was so tolerant, when justice was so established and when the whole spirit of social relationships was so enlightened? I challenge the Bishop of Chelmsford to ransack the whole field of history to prove the contrary.

FOR A MAN! by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

...nce, what should the brute have done to serve three?

...the Chesterfield Solomons had decided that the monster was mad and should be committed to a lunatic asylum, one could have understood. But they evidently decided that he was sane enough to be responsible for his action, and treated him as a malefactor answerable to the law. Yet they kindly modified the law's utterly inadequate rigour in nice sympathy with his "misfortune"!

I have often pleaded in these pages for leniency and mercy to offenders against the criminal code. I fervently agree with the spirit of humanitarianism exhibited in the recent report of the Prison Commissioners. I potently believe that brutal harshness is less effective in checking crime than reformatory discipline.

...at there must be distinctions. Many a man assigned to a long term of imprisonment and permanent disgrace and ruin for some trespass entirely to the urgency of his need. "The mass of crime in this country," lately said Atherley Jones, "is based on poverty."

In all such cases I plead for the uttermost leniency that the law allows.

But if such leniency is to produce its intended effect of impressing the trespasser with the law's discrimination and justice, it must be accompanied by ruthless severity in the case of abominable and unpardonable outrages against humanity like that of William Coupe. Such discrimination we shall never obtain while the administration of justice is left to the hands of persons like the Chesterfield magistrates. They are a relic of the time when offences against property, such as poaching or trespassing or horse stealing, were regarded as infinitely more heinous than crimes against humanity.

Many a man, even in these days of more humanitarian justice, is hanged for a more venial crime than that of William Coupe. The "cat" is a brutal instrument, but sometimes it affords the most effective answer to the brutality of cowardly bullies. But since that form of deterrent was not available in this case, one still may ask why the Chesterfield magistrates applied a milder punishment than the law allowed.

And I suppose we shall go on asking that question as long as the possession of, and proper regard for, property remains the chief qualification required in an un-
strator of Justice.

It may be that we are not individually better than we were a thousand years ago; but society is incredibly better. We have developed a social conscience that will not tolerate the savageries and cruelties which were the common-places of life in other days, when men were burned at the stake at Smithfield for an opinion and women were hanged at Tyburn for stealing a bit of cloth, when slaves were sold at auction like cattle and children were subjected to barbarities of labour that are to-day unthinkable.

For the mass of people the world we live in is a kindlier place than it ever was. It does not wholly neglect the aged poor, it has relief for the suffering, it gives a chance to the child, it deals even-handed justice to everybody. Do not let us be too cheerless about ourselves. We are not going backward. We are going forward, haltingly, but still forward.

IT is true that we have just experienced a terrific jolt that has thrown us off the rails. We let all the devilries of the world loose ten years ago, and it is not easy to chain them up again. The new generation is a generation that was trained in the shambles of war and that came to manhood amid the wreck of our civilisation. It is contemptuous of the past and of the system which it only knew by its failure. It has broken loose from moral restraint and is frankly egotistic and material. It is outwardly irreligious because it has lived through a furnace of savageries which was the negation of religion. It saw the churches in all lands silenced when the real test of whether they stood for spiritual things or temporal things came. They capitulated to the god of war just like any other human institution, and they are shattered to-day by that surrender.

"From what they (the great mass of the people to-day) have seen of the churches," says the Bishop, "they are indisposed to think that the help they need is to be found there." It is useless to blame them. If the churches have lost the people it is not because Christianity has failed, but because the churches failed in a great emergency to embody the teaching of Christianity. It is because they have attached to Christianity doctrines which the minds of men refuse to accept, and have neglected to rest upon that plain human gospel which Christ delivered and the world still needs.

CHRISTIANITY is not a creed, but a spirit, a mode of life, an attitude of mind. This spirit is not dead. It has been the driving power in all that has made for human progress in the past. It is that "stream of tendency which makes for righteousness," and though it has been checked by war, it will flow again, perhaps in better and more unimpeded channels, for the truth is we cannot live without it. Let the Bishop take courage. All is not lost. And the truth about to-day is not all told in the newspapers.

JOHN BULL

The Sentence of the Court



COAL IN THE SOUP

A Cook in the Wrong Kitchen

by HARRISON OWEN

NOT guilty" was the plea of the secretary of the Miners' Federation in answer to a charge "that being a Cook, he did make use of ingredients likely to spoil the broth of British trade unionism."

"I am sorry it has been found necessary to place the accused in the dock just when he was about to start on a Cook's tour to Battersea," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C.; "but the experience may be for his own good, since it is better that he should be in the dock to-day than in the soup to-morrow. His trouble really arises from an attempt to split himself in two, and give satisfaction to reasonable trade unionists as the miners' secretary while winning admiration in other quarters as a stalwart of the thin 'red' line of the minority movement."

"A first-rate union secretary is better than a second-rate chameleon, but, unfortunately, A. J. Cook seems lately to have spent too much time in a 'red' environment and to have taken on the colour of his surroundings. Not content with breathing threats of a coal strike, he has now decided to preside over the Minority Movement conference."

"All reasonable citizens desire justice for the coal miners, but the miners know that hardship and hunger are all that they obtain from strikes, and the majority of them are convinced that the Communists' game is not worth the scandal."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that the fuss that had been made about his client's decision to preside at the Battersea conference merely represented yet another attempt to raise the bogey of Communism. Sooner or later the truth about Russia, which, under a form of

Communism, was enjoying great prosperity, would become known, and trade unionists in this country would then realise the advisability of taking a leaf out of Russia's book.

"I believe it is a fact," said Mr. Justice Bull, after a verdict of guilty had been returned, "that Russia is at present much more prosperous than some people would wish us to believe, but it is also a fact that the prosperity of the nation has been gained by the enslavement of its individuals. The members of the prisoner's union would be more likely to be satisfied with conditions such as exist in

Russia than they would rejoice to know that the mining industry was enjoying immense prosperity if they themselves were being kept in a state of serfdom. A. Jay are appropriate initials for a Cook who imagines that British trade unionists would appreciate the industrial menu that has been foisted upon the Russian."

"The prisoner evidently is not content with being one Cook, and so has become one too many. Apparently he thinks that he can receive a salary from trade unionists with one hand while grasping the red flag of Communism with the other. He must really make a choice between the sane majority and the noisy minority, and if he persists in identifying himself with the latter movement I must direct that his legal status be that, not of a miner, but of a minor."



18

Saints and Sinners.

THE PRINCE AND THE BENEDICTS

Newspaper Ramours that Make Romance

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Royal lineage of this realm looks like thinning out in the next generation. Already it is losing its Victorian amplitude, and the hopes of the nation are becoming more and more centred upon the younger sons.

At the moment Prince Henry has been dragged from his happy adolescence into the limelight. He doesn't like it a bit—and I'm not at all surprised. After all, he's a trifle young to nourish fatherly ambitions, and one can hardly expect him to dance with joy at the prospect of settling down before he has properly grown up.

Nevertheless the exigencies of the situation have claimed him for their own, and he will hear nothing for the next year or two but "When's it to be?" I am sorry for him—in the same circumstances I should be furious myself—but it's one of the penalties for being a royal personage; so, for his own peace of mind, the sooner he gets it over the better.

BESIDES, he is fortunate in belonging to a post-war period. Not so many years ago there might have been some alarming German *backfisch* (flapper) in the offing, whom he would have had to marry whether he liked it or not. Now he can please himself. He can follow the examples of his sister and brother and find a life's companion in England or Scotland. He can even, within certain limitations, choose where his affections lead him.

All of which, though very encouraging, does not make the necessity any more alluring. The pangs of love cannot be forced on by the paragraphs of gossip; and in any case Prince Henry is enjoying himself far too much just now to give more than a thought to a subject that is furrowing the brows of all loyal journalists.

The hints of middle-aged match-makers leave him cold. If or when he marries—this year, next year, sometime or never—his present intention is to please himself; though if he doesn't please himself soon he'll be pestered to death by the newspapers.

By this you must understand that he has a will of his own. He is both headstrong and impetuous. The centre of fun wherever it is fastest and most furious, he is generally regarded as a "sport." In his teens he was usually the contriver of any mischief that happened to be brewing in the family circle; and even now his brothers have difficulty in restraining their mirth whenever he is forced to maintain a solemn countenance for more than half an hour.

AT a State performance a year or two ago the Princes were following the King and Queen in single file towards the royal box. Their serious faces when they reached it gave little evidence that they were exploding internally—this distressing condition being due to the fact that Prince Henry had just assisted the procession along the corridor outside by singing, "We're following in father's footsteps!"



H.R.H. Prince Henry.

CARTOONETTES and Topical Jingles

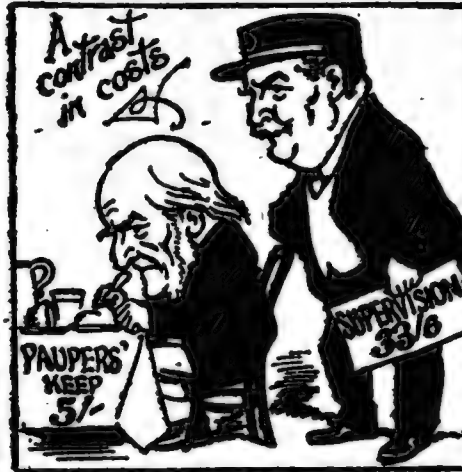
by FRANK HOLLAND



Winnie Horner's in his corner
Eating his Paris Pie;
He puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum,
And says, "What a good boy am I!"



Our idle land's allowed to stand
Because the law too lax is;
All who refuse their land to use
Should have to pay Land Taxes!



When'er we seize on facts like these
We always think it queer
That pauper's keep should be so cheap
And workhouse costs so dear.



This monster grim that served the whim
Of Italy's Dictator,
No more obeys, but nowadays
Controls its own creator.

SHADES WITH THE DOOR SHUT

WE have all an interest in asylums. Any one of us may catch a severe chill and develop pneumonia, says the writer, and in our delirious raving be mistaken for lunatics!

by **EDWARD G. SMITH** (Secretary of the National Society for Lunacy Reform).

ROYAL Commission is now sitting to examine into Lunacy Law and Asylum Administration. So far the members have had only official witnesses, naturally anxious to make out the best possible case for the system which they represent.

The indictment of the system has yet commenced, but I can assure you that it will be strong and startling. It will concern the case of 130,000 inmates who are in the mercy of a rigorous and unfeeling machine.

Even the official witnesses, in the name of themselves, have let out a number of secrets of the prison house; and the Board of Control Annual Report is in itself a shocking condemnation of the existing order of things.

In the last Report we learn of the case of a male patient who was in the charge of another lunatic sent for bathing. The unfortunate man was put into boiling water and scalded to death. There was an enquiry in the asylum; but, according to the official Report, it was impossible to discover which attendant had been guilty of this heinous misdemeanour.

Lunatic "Accidents."

The attendants had obviously killed one another—a method that is not new for the fact that when patients are found dead with seven, or nine broken ribs, nobody knows how the fatal injuries happened or who inflicted them. Broken bones in asylums are, indeed, very common things.

One finds a long record of inefficiency and automatic ill-treatment. In one asylum, in the coldest weather, there is only one overcoat for every four male patients! The others must go out into the airing courts shivering with cold and liable to get pneumonia—a frequent cause of death in mental hospitals.

In one of the wards, even in day-time, the temperature is only ten degrees above freezing-point, and the bathing arrangements are of the most indecent kind. Common necessities, such as tooth-brushes, are not supplied.

Treating 'em Rough.

Apparently the official mind considers it matters very little how lunatics are treated. They are regarded not as sick people to be treated sympathetically and cured if possible, but as nuisances to be confined and kept under strict discipline, or if, because of the nature of their illness, they are troublesome, broken in.

It has come out before the Royal Commission that people at home, suffering from pneumonia, and becoming delirious through high temperature, are frequently certified as lunatics and sent to asylums! Any one of us may catch a severe chill and develop pneumonia; any one of us may become delirious and violent in the course of an attack of fever. *While in this condition we may be marked for life with the stigma of certified lunacy.*

There is another kind of unhappy person who may, through the stress of adverse circumstance and not

because of any organic disease, find himself imprisoned behind asylum walls. This is the person whose work or worldly misfortune leads to acute anxiety and nervous overstrain—young men and women who have studied too hard for examinations; men whom unemployment has driven desperate; women overworked by household and family cares—all these may easily become temporarily unbalanced.

In this condition they are apt to be depressed, to cultivate extreme ideas of unhappiness and even attempt to commit suicide. What they need is rest, quiet, good feeding and sympathetic surroundings. Frequently such persons are certified and sent to the reception ward of an asylum where they are herded in the company of raving maniacs.

I have mentioned the need for good feeding. There has recently been published a Report on asylum dietary—the result of detailed examination of the prevailing régime. One finds from this Report that a very large number of patients is virtually starved to death. It is commented on that in certain asylums where the scale of dietary is very low, the death-rate from tuberculosis is shockingly high. These two facts

are placed side by side and convey their own tragic evidence.

It is no wonder that such things are when we turn to the consideration of expenditure on food and find that it works out at little more than four shillings per week per person.

I am very anxious to avoid any possible charge of mere sensationalism, and so in all that I have written I have been careful to confine myself to quotations from official sources. By these alone the existing state of things is utterly condemned. The admissions before the Royal Commission did not surprise me, as, during the past few years, I have talked with hundreds of men and women who have been subjected to asylum treatment.

Complaints of ill-treatment by patients have been commonly set aside as delusional, but it is difficult to imagine such a thing as a widespread delusional conspiracy. Story after story has carried corroborative confirmation. The same evils are happening all over the country.

At Their Mercy.

The patients dare not complain for fear of reprisals. A discharged patient—a man of considerable intelligence and refinement—said to me the other day, "You would, indeed, be mad if you made any complaint to a visitor while you were at the mercy of the asylum staff."

The Royal Commission is doing a great deal to discover the facts of the asylum system. It is for the public to make itself conversant with these facts and to insist that the present chaos shall rapidly pass.



Mr. Edward G. Smith.

City of Heart's Desire

"A CHILD would have made all the difference in our lives. It is too late now."

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

HOSPITAL postbag—what an amazing and miscellaneous collection! I have just received two interesting letters. By a coincidence they arrived by the same post. Here is the first:

Written by a man and a woman, late twenties, who are engaged to be married. "We do not doubt," they say, "our feelings for each other. For three years we have been lovers and, apart from a few minor tiffs, we have never quarrelled."

Now, when we think of marriage and if we dare take the risk. The problem of parentage is a very real one to us. We know people who go anywhere simply because they have children. Glued to their children they become stick-at-it.

We dread a similar fate. We are too happy in ourselves to have children, and we write because we are really perplexed. The letter just as I received it reveals a state of affairs which is common to-day. This en-

gaged couple are by no means an isolated pair. I have come in contact with hundreds of similar cases. What can be said in reply? Let me reproduce my second letter:

"I have been married for eighteen years, and my husband is an architect by profession. We are very comfortably off, but though passionately fond of children we have never had any. My home has been my only hobby and when my husband is detained at meetings, or works late, I spend long, lone hours dreaming of what might have been. "Now I have reached that age when loneliness is intolerable, and I live in dread of the empty years that seem to lie in ambush. A child would



Mr. Philip Inman, whose hospital work is well known.

have made all the difference in our lives. It is too late now."

The world is full of what has been called "needless tragedies"—the young couple to whom the birth of children would interfere with their pleasures: the woman approaching middle age who has said good-bye to the thrills of youth and is afraid of a barren maturity. It is difficult, in fact, almost impossible, to solve other people's problems, and in questions of this kind one has to work out one's own salvation.

There are certain generalities which may serve as sign-posts to point the way, but the journey into the City of Heart's Desire has to be trodden alone. "The problem of parentage is a very real one to us," is the plea of the betrothed. Youth and pleasure are the counter-attractions. Home life has no appeal, but spring-time passes into summer, and summer fades into autumn.

Time waits for no man, and the youth of to-day is the middle-aged of to-morrow. Then comes the real

heartache, when the loneliness is intolerable, and when the empty years become a nightmare.

There is nothing that can take the place of a child. A woman may have a thousand other interests, but if she has any maternal instinct and it is left unsatisfied the inner chamber of her life is desolate and empty.

What of my second correspondent? In this country to-day there are 800,000 boys and girls under the age of ten without either father or mother. These little derelicts drift about.

I have nothing to say against our orphanages. So long as things remain they are indispensable, and they fulfil a magnificent mission in our national life, but no institution can take the place of a home. In the words of a well-known wireless comedian, "Things are all wrong." Human hearts are hungering whilst childless women lavish their affection on dogs and cats and other pets. Some of that love should be showered upon the homeless, helpless mites, whose very existence craves for it.

FIGURE BEAUTY

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Just send me your exact measurements on Coupon below, and I will forward by return this new "Nature-Form" Model Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset "on approval," so that you may examine it carefully in your own home.

This new "Nature-Form" design is made in De Luxe Coutil, tested to a strain of a quarter of a ton per square inch. It is a Corset and Bust Bodice combined without any steels whatever, except a 94-inch duplex Bust. The back is closed, but the side silk elastic lacing allows free expansion for breathing and physical movement. Strong detachable suspenders are fitted, and the whole Corset can be washed, for there is nothing to rust or tarnish.

British made throughout, and far superior to any similar garment on the market. Send Coupon to-day and prove this for yourself.



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Waist..... Bust..... Hips.....
State also size of Corset usually worn and whether White or Dove preferred.

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 1/11 or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Order thus: / /
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CHILDHOOD CALLING

THAT the nation is not fully civilised, that some of the people are only progressing out of barbarism towards civilisation is shown by some of the things that happen in our homes

by
ROBERT J. PARR, O.B.E.
(Director National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children).

CHILD neglect is a hideous blot in a civilised community, and its consequences to the children are frequently almost beyond belief. Capacity to suffer is not confined within any limit of either age or sex.

An inspector of a R.S.P.C.C. branch adjacent to London found a thirteen-year-old boy sitting by the fire, evidently in great agony. He attempted to take some bandages from the boy's face, but these had been so neglected that a mere touch caused the boy to scream, and the officer desisted and called a doctor. He discovered that the whole side of the face and neck was badly affected and inflamed. The parents were fined—the mother £3, the father £2. The boy, under treatment in hospital, made rapid improvement.

Wonder may be expressed why any parents could possibly be indifferent to such agony; to those who have to deal with such matters, it is common knowledge that indifference is only equalled by ignorance, and that, too, sometimes in unexpected places.

Our National Blight.

In the house of an instructor in a Government factory in Bedfordshire a doctor, responding to a call, found a woman sitting with a fully dressed child lying dead in her lap, its head in a terrible condition, its body filthy and ill-nourished. The

child was three years old. There were three others, all girls, the eldest sixteen, mentally deficient, the remaining two in a scandalous condition, and all living under circumstances of appalling misery.

The inquest on the dead child, who had been too weak to cry, brought the facts to light, and the parents were sent to prison. No part of the country is immune from this blight or child neglect. In Northumberland an inspector found a child of two lying in a cot so dirty as to suggest that it had not been washed for weeks.

There were two other miserably neglected children. Neglect is usually horrible. Its horror must be brought home to the people if it is to be checked.

The Shame of the City.

Much as it is to be regretted, there are many cases in which, notwithstanding all the facilities which exist, a child may escape attention until it is too late to save its life. Revelations proved this at an inquest, and afterwards during a prosecution at Newcastle.

A twelve-year-old girl, living with her father and his housekeeper, died from what the doctor said, in common terms, was galloping consumption. No treatment had been sought for her; she was left dirty, verminous and exposed. When her mother was alive this girl was well looked after,

but afterwards her plight became pitiable. For neglect of this poor girl and four others, three of whom were



Mr. Robert J. Parr, O.B.E.

publicity and to bring punishment. A question that is frequently asked is, "What relation is there between drunkenness and cruelty or neglect?" In this connection the tendency towards a downward direction.

The decline of parental drunkenness is reflected in the improvement of life and health of the young. The improvement cannot be too highly estimated for it spells out, in plain language, the glorious promise of the future.

To build better generations for the years that are yet to be faced may be slow and laborious work, but it is work of greatest national importance. In the youth of the present is centred the success or failure of the future.

A Leech-like Fraternity

by **ROBERT DENNISON, M.P.**

(Assistant Secretary, Iron and Steel Trades' Confederation)

ANOTHER great national industry is being bled white by outside interests who manage to extract millions of pounds every year from industries to which they contribute little or nothing. This leech-like fraternity are the landowners who extort a toll for minerals which a beneficent Providence, and not they

themselves, put into the land for the use of mankind in general.

It is popularly supposed that these royalty-owners are confined to the coal industry. It will come as a surprise to the public to learn



Mr. Robert Dennison, M.P.

that they exercise their same baneful influence in the steel and iron trades.

Collieries and iron-ore mines have had to close down, with consequent unemployment for the work people, because of inability to pay the toll of royalty rents. Our steel industry is therefore finding it increasingly difficult to hold its own in the world's markets, and those dependent upon it are suffering from acute unemploy-

ment and under-employment. It seems positively monstrous that a group of people who have never worked in the darkness of the coal-mine nor in the heat of a steel works should exact toll upon a commodity so essential to our national greatness and without which civilisation would be impossible.

If we are to keep our position as a great steel producing country the industry must be ordered and governed upon the most modern and efficient basis possible. This is not the case at present; this great industry is called upon to shoulder a burden in royalty rents which exceeds the total amount paid in wages to the workpeople engaged in the smelting and rolling of steel.

ON every ton of minerals won from the earth by the mining concern that happens to have leased the ground a charge is made that represents no less than 10s. 6d. on every ton of steel that is produced. In the smelting of a ton of steel four tons of coal are required, and as the royalty on coal averages at 6d. per ton this makes steel 2s. per ton more costly

to produce. On iron-ore another 8s. 4d. per ton is paid as royalty together with royalties on the limestone and special clay used in the process of smelting.

It will be seen then that from the moment the miner's pick is placed at the coal face to the production of steel ingots, pluckings have been made by several groups of contributors, non-productive men who by some dubious chance, sometimes legal but seldom moral, happen to own the surface of the land beneath which national resources are hidden. Coal, iron-ore, limestone, and clay are each increased in price by the extortions of the royalty limpet.

THIS is, indeed, a sorry state of affairs and can be contrasted with the happy position in the countries of our chief competitors, France and Germany, where royalties belong to the nation. In France the steel manufacturers pay only about 5 per cent of their profits to the State for royalties, and the German manufacturer is no less favourably treated. In our own country robbery by royalties is quite fashionable. It is a fashion that ruins. It makes industrial peace and national parity.

Human Documents.

Her Sister's Shame

And Other Intensely Human Stories and Problems from Real Life

AM the eldest daughter of a respectable working-class family of a small Lancashire town, and till last week had not a name in the world, for my own home with husband and children is all that should be. The source of my trouble lies in a tragic confession of my youngest sister, a girl of eighteen, who still carries on her occupation as a cotton weaver at a neighbouring

Last August during the annual day week of the town, the whole of our family visited a well-known seaside resort not far from our home, as usual is the case made quite a number of new acquaintances. I was therefore, not at all disturbed by attention paid to my sister by a handsome young holiday-maker staying at a nearby hotel, thinking it an ordinary type of seaside flirtation.

UNFORTUNATELY, the matter was of a far more serious nature, and the poor girl is being led to distraction by the fearful thought which she has confided to me.

It appears that our parents are completely ignorant of the true state of affairs, and perhaps it is as well they should be so, for I dread the link of the consequences of their action.

The truth is that the poor girl has been evidently tricked by a thoroughly worthless scamp, who has been all along as her lover, even so far as to give a mass of false information about his home, his people and his means.

SINCE the deluded girl has made the journey to the seaside only to learn that his address is unknown, since he was a casual who engaged rooms without dependence being involved.

His, then, is how the matter stands at present. My father, as unaware of any trouble, will undoubtedly turn her out when he finds out her mistake, but my husband-hearted and generous father to give her the help she will so need. Is such an attitude possible?

I admire my husband for his intentions, and I want to help him in them, but at the same time I do not wish to be at odds with my father. I am sure he knew he would be very kind to my sister, and I want to help her.

"Humanist" says:—*I think your father is a brick, but really it is the duty to look after a deceived girl. Many unhappy girls make mistakes by being afraid to trust their husbands (if they are not monsters) who have been betrayed. But your husband has solved the problem by nothing to say, except to console both you and him.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

"TWO years ago I deserted my wife and only boy, three years old, through lack of employment. My position is now secure; but the remorse and anguish I go through is terrible to bear when I look back to the time I committed this cowardly action, and I would give half my life to bring them back to me. We had no quarrels of any description during our two years together, but lived for one another."

Repentant Deserter

"As I walk the streets and see little boys like my own, with unclean hands and faces, in rags and with no boots upon their feet, my anguish is terrible as I wonder if mine is like these—suffering through the action of a cowardly father."

"I don't know their address or what has become of them, but I do wish you would give me your advice as to what action I should take. If prison lies at the end of it, I am willing to undergo any torture I am deserving of if only it would be the means of my becoming reconciled to my wife and boy."

"Humanist" says:—*Find, through former relatives and friends, your wife and child, and alone to them for your wretched conduct. Then I shall think more of your kind heart. You may have to pay debts incurred by them; but if your repentance is sincere, that will be for you only a pleasure.*

"THE past five years have indeed been hard ones for myself and all those dear to me. When war broke out in 1914 all was going well."

A Man's Burdens

I was single at that time, and my father held a good post as engineer with a certain mercantile company. There was, therefore, no reason for me to withhold my services, and so, in spite of the fact that I was the only son, I attempted to enlist.

"Unfortunately, my constitution is far from being robust, and I was turned down on four different occasions through unfitness for military service. Dissatisfied with my usual occupation of head clerk to a big shipping firm, I entered a munitions factory and soon was in receipt of very considerable salary. In the year 1917, on the strength of my good pay, I married, and all went well till I was paid off soon after the armistice."

"Then the difficult times began. My father had to give up his work

through pulmonary trouble, and the year after my mother became a bed-ridden invalid. The firm with which I was associated before the war refused to have me back, and of necessity I had to fall back on an underclerk's job at 35s. a week. Since then I have carried on as well as I could on this, and because of the fact that my parents are reduced to a state of want, I have contributed to their upkeep the sum of 7s. weekly.

"You will realise how hard the struggle is for us when I add that we have two children to feed and clothe with what remains. This difficult situation is by no means eased by the attitude of my wife, who insists that my first duty is to herself and our boy and girl, and holds that my payments to my parents ought to cease. At times I feel that the worry of the whole matter will drive me mad or seriously undermine my already weak state of health."

"Humanist" says:—*I can sympathise with your wife when she sees money so sorely needed for the children going elsewhere. But you have a duty to your parents, too. If your wife could get work, that would help, and if you and your parents could live together, that would help more. Carry on. Remember that your position may improve, and that your present burdens cannot last for ever. You will get through your troubles: it will be a lifelong comfort that you faced them like a man.*

The Boomerang Lie.

"To avoid being rushed into marriage I got a friend to say I was already married. Now I have met the right girl, but I have the reputation of being a married man."

"Tell the girl the facts, and marry her; the gossip will die. Your case is a warning to other foolish youths."

An Ill-Used Girl.

"I was adopted, when a girl of thirteen, by an elderly man, who passed me off as his niece. He betrayed me. I now wish to leave him and marry. Can I? And should I tell my fiancé?"

"You can marry. If I were you I should tell my fiancé. He will sympathise with you and tell the cad what he thinks of him."

Danger of Aspirin.

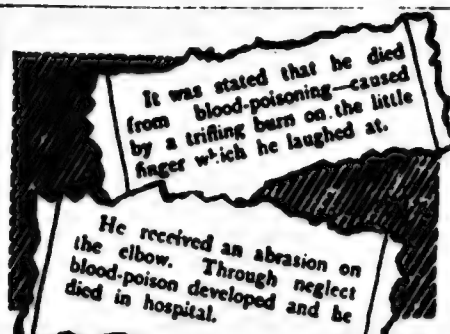
"My daughter is always taking aspirin. Every time she has a slight headache, or feels depressed, she flies to them. I consider aspirin as dangerous as 'dope,' and have ordered my daughter to stop taking it. She refuses."

"It is dangerous to become a slave to any drug. But you would do better to get a doctor to tell your daughter so, giving medical reasons. She will probably listen to him."

Unsatisfactory Wife.

"While I was in the Army, my wife left me. I forgave her and brought her back. I am now crippled and pensioned, and she is becoming cold and harsh. I suspect she wants to go again. She is younger than I, and we have no children."

"Ask her to give you a fair deal, as you gave her. If she refuses—and goes—you at least have done your best. Don't spoil the rest of your life through a marriage failure."



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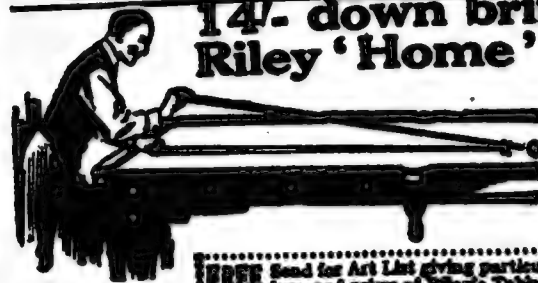
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Wings to Women

THE PRICE SHE PAID

Beauty is only
"sin" deep!

by MABEL HORNER

RECENTLY a young London girl took her own life just because, in her own words, was "fed up." And the coroner commented, "evidently one of those modern girls who need pleasure and excitement to carry them along."



Dorothy Jewson, who rebuked the for its comments dress of Women M.P.s.

I reopen the subject in order to indict the growing order of society of which this young girl is a victim. There have been many such victims. In one northern town during the past year there quite an epidemic of young suicides, all of whom confessed "fed up with life." They were not out of work. They were not in special trouble. They all victims of the terribly standards of life being set up world-to-day.

STLY the new rich are to blame. Women of age and hence set the pace. Emphasis placed on hollowness. Jazz rattle pass for pure gold. But are restless and unsatisfied. All things in life are misplaced. As an example, the ex-

travagant methods now being pursued by many women in the preservation of their youthful appearance. The treatments obtainable in fashionable beauty parlours read like the tortures of the Middle Ages.

Paraffin wax is pumped under the skin of the face to fill out the wrinkles. Slices of loose skin are removed. Eyelashes are sewn on where scanty. Eyelids are slit to enlarge the eyes; while the batteries and dynamos, steel caps and whirling wheels that go to make up the electrical treatment give a shuddering idea of nightmare.

THIS torture is not cheap. Wealth is squandered by the handful as the steady stream of gold pours into the coffers of the unscrupulous beauty specialists. Is it any wonder that youth itself, looking on, and seeing to what lengths rich women will go to preserve the remnants of their battered looks, gets a false idea of values?

Women themselves must not be exclusively blamed for this. Nor must they alone be blamed for this frantic striving after beauty of feature and form at all costs.

It can only be endured because men like that sort of thing. When men turn away from this false

standard and admire only real worth and beauty, then women will follow suit.

In Switzerland once a hotel keeper said to me, "When we in this country see a charmingly pretty girl we make sure at once she must be British." That was certainly a very pretty compliment. Judging from the specimens of healthy, happy, outdoor pleasure seekers, it also was merited. The British girl's complexion of milk and rose is famed the world over.

But there is a deeper beauty still. The only sort that lasts. It comes from inward character, from looking out on life with sympathetic eyes, and taking thought for the best instead of the less worthy things.

This surely is a good world with work and interest in plenty for all if only our social life were purer and if minds were in attune. There is something rotten in the state when girls of twenty-one or under confess to being tired of life because they are "fed up."

Tremendous responsibility rests upon those women whom wealth and privilege has given such opportunities in life. Their over-emphasis upon personal appearance and gaiety is a lust. It is as demoralising in its effects as a more brutal vice. It sets an example.

I wish the coroner who sat in judgment on that tragic young victim of false standards had pointed this out.

to Keep Well

What to Eat

Food facts
and fancies

by A WIMPOLE STREET
PHYSICIAN

of cases of beri-beri, but did not get scurvy.

The Indian troops got scurvy because of the absence of fresh foods—their caste didn't allow them to eat the fresh meat which the British troops ate. The British soldiers who got beri-beri developed it because of the lack of something in the white flour of which their bread and biscuits were made—but the Indian troops had a whole-meal flour and so did not get beri-beri.

It was found, eventually, that the presence or absence of certain chemical substances—called accessory food factors—in the food made all the difference, and to these the name of vitamins was given.

At once, this, that and the next thing began to be recommended for food because of the vitamins they contained, and some manufacturing chemists began to put all sorts of weird concoctions on the market.

It was shown by scientists that cod-liver oil had lots of vitamins, and animal flesh had but little; white bread was deficient in vitamins and whole-meal was not; butter had vitamins and margarine hadn't; fresh

fruit had vitamins and tinned fruit hadn't, and so on. In fact, a lot of nonsense has been talked and written about the vitamin-content of foods and about the necessity for this or that one.

The truth is that the ordinary mixed dietary that people are accustomed to in this country is an excellent dietary, and contains a sufficiency of vitamins and everything else without any out-of-the-way additions.

We are stupid, it must be admitted, about many things. Whole-meal bread is better for us than white bread. I know this myself, but I don't eat whole-meal bread because I like white bread, and I don't like whole-meal bread! And yet I survive!

There is no use laying down laws to compel people to eat the things they don't like, and to avoid the things they do.

WE shouldn't eat or drink between meals. We shouldn't eat too much meat—nor too much anything. We eat too many tinned foods. We ought to eat more green vegetables than we do—fresh fruits and salads are very rich in vitamins and mineral salts. Otherwise, we don't go far wrong.

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One Below the Belt for The Gatwick Tragedy—Reforms at Royal Ascot—The Punter's

SEVERAL of the layers in Tatt's at Gatwick received one below the belt when Faemund, Duller's mount and a hot favourite for the Caterham Hurdle Race, fell lame on the way to the post. George took his mount back to the paddock, but it was not until twenty minutes after the race had been won by Chaltol that the stewards' decision, ruling Faemund a non-starter, went into the frame. One well-known penciller told me that under the new rules he paid out over winners, losers, and non-starters. Of course, this is an old gag, but the Faemund incident was certainly hard luck for the layers. They returned bets laid against the favourite and paid George Duller, the crack sevens and eights hurdle jockey, who over Chaltol. A weighed-out to ride fair price against Faemund. the winner would have been seven to two.



Oh, for a Telephone!

Gatwick should be a little more up-to-date and instal a telephone service between the starting gates and the weighing-in room. If Mr. Joe Marsh, the starter, had been able to get in touch with the stewards, Faemund would probably have been withdrawn before the start. However, I do not suppose the bookmakers ever will be safeguarded against pitfalls of this nature until all horses, once they have weighed-out, are declared to be starters.

Reforms at Royal Ascot.

Last year I wrote a little article for this page entitled, "What's Wrong With British Race-courses?" The article was inspired by two trips—one to Ascot, which I did not find very Royal, the other to France, where I encountered

racing-de-luxe. I shall not be able to grouse this year, as the ring at Ascot is being made the most up-to-date in the country. The lawns have been re-turfed and remodelled, the paddock enlarged, and last, but not least, a number of new refreshment bars will spring up. Ascot is going to be really Royal. Perhaps the punter's dream below will actually come true.

The Punter's Dream.

I dreamt that I stood in Tattersalls overlooking a stretch of green track, Luxurious lounges, like seats in the stalls, Were placed on the stand at the back; The bookies wore silencers over their chins, In which all their babel was drowned, And instead of the usual incredible dins, There was peace, perfect peace, all around.

I dreamt that the course was so neat and compact Each inch of the running was clear; Immaculate waiters, the essence of tact, Served sandwiches, whisky and beer. I watched ev'ry detail from paddock to post, And nothing I saw there jarred. For I also dreamt (what pleased me the most) That I went right through the card!

Patsey Won't Win.

I had another look at Patsey V at Gatwick, and I have come to the conclusion that he will not win this year's National. This splendid chestnut was only out for an airing, but his jumping

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Lingfield, Wednesday,
 CYLVIDA, POMMINETTA.

Lingfield, Thursday,
 HONG KONG, THE SHERIFF.

Windsor, Friday,
 TUTANKHAMEN, MORE PRIDE.

Windsor, Saturday,
 FESTOON, SYNCOPATE.

was not faultless. On the far side of the course he over-jumped and nearly shot his barrister owner, Mr. Lemon, out of the saddle. On two other occasions I thought he landed short.

French National Hope.

A fit and fancied Grand National candidate from France is Gorey. I understand that F. Hervé, one of the crack riders over obstacles, is to have the mount. The horse is not by any means a super-performer, but it doesn't look like being a field above the ordinary, and hopes are held that the horse may prove good enough, if the handicapper is not too severe.

Notes About Runners.

Head Master, the Hurst Park failure, needs a little more schooling.

Executioner, tenth of fifteen at Gatwick, should be given over to the hangman.

Bolshie.—Fell at Derby. Also came to grief in his previous outing. Evidently well named.

Nonentity.—Will surprise his detractors before long. Lost by a short head at Haydock.

Condoover, the Codder.

Don't be in too big a hurry to be caught again by that flat-catcher, Condoover, in the Lincoln. He is now Belgian-owned and French-trained at Chantilly. He was a terrible failure in France and Belgium after his solitary win in England last year, and was bought only as a trial horse for Golden Hope II, the property of the same owner. At present the two are working together, but Golden Hope is likely to be the stable selected for Lincoln. Last week I referred to this entry as a crock. A French correspondent tells me that his form in France and Belgium is not bad.

Town Guard's Race.

Although there are thirteen other French entries for the Ascot Gold Cup, the fact that Town Guard is being reserved for that race has frightened away some of the best Frenchmen, such as Le Capucin, who ran fourth last year. The chances are that Town Guard will prove as good a favourite as Filibert de

English Teams for the Cup Third

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 31.

ENGLISH CUP.

HOME WINNERS.

*Sunderland, *Blackburn R., Bradford, *Sheffield U., *Birmingham, *Notts. C., *West Bromwich A., Cardiff or Darlington, Southampton.

AWAY WINNERS.

*Liverpool, Bolton W., Aston Villa, West Ham or Arsenal, Blackpool. THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.

Coventry C., *Middlesbrough. THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.

Aberdare, Northampton, *Plymouth, *Queen's Park, *Southend, *Watford. THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.

*Barrow, *Chesterfield, *Crewe A. Rotherham, Wigan. AWAY WINNERS.

HOME WINNERS.

*Celtic, Cowdenbeath, *Falkirk, *Hearts, *Kilmarnock, *Morton, *Partick T. AWAY WINNERS.

HOME WINNERS.

*Rangers, *Airdrieonians. DRAWS.

*St. Mirren v. Third Lanark. (For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

MY two teams for the Cup, Aston Villa and Bolton Wanderers, both got safely through the first round without much trouble, and I shall expect both to win their ties next week even although they are drawn away from home.

Neither, of course, has got anything easy on, and although Aston Villa won at Swansea last year they will not go to Wales in the belief that the match is already won.

I have repeatedly pointed out that Swansea are a real good team, better, in fact, than half-a-dozen in the First Division, but I do not think the defence quite good enough to stop the Villa forwards.

The Tottenham Clash.

If the Spurs are to beat Bolton Wanderers, all I can say is they will have to show better form than they have been doing lately.

It seems to me that there are too many men in the side who play to the gallery and think more about their personal success than of the chief aim of a game—which is to win it.

On the top of their game the Spurs are very nearly, if not quite, the most attrac-

tive side in the country, but every now and then they try to be too clever.

If they attempt any elaboration against Bolton they will get badly beaten, and in any case I think the Wanderers will at least force a replay. They are not only a side well equipped in all departments, but there is also football brains in the team which is just what is required in Cup-ties. It should, however, be an historic match, and one in which the play will reach a very high level if both sides play as they can do.

Not Easy for Holders.

One of the best ties ought to be that at Newcastle. The United will start favourites, but the favourites do not always win Cup matches, and in Leicester City, the holders will be up against a team with plenty of pace as well as no small amount of skill. This game will probably be won by the team that gets the first goal.

West Bromwich will have to go all out to beat the improving North End side which Horace Barnes has very neatly transformed, while I look to Sunderland to beat Everton.

That easy victory at Bury ought to put a bit of heart into Sunderland, but they are a side easily upset.

the Bookmakers

ream—Keep off Condoover—Steve's Mount

rejoice, but the Massine people think they have a chance of upsetting the thing as they did last year. Their horse is Isola Bella, a mare kept in training another year with this object in view. But all the same, the race ought to take more winning unless weather has havoc with the home division.

Steve's Choice.

It is early to talk of jockeys for the season, but you can take it that Steve Hymir will have the offer of the seat on Tapin, one of the French hopes, offered by M. Eknayan in preference to Corde III and Helium II. Steve rode the horse to victory in the French Thousand Guineas, and at a mile in is probably the star performer in the race.

PADDOCK PARS.

Minor H. Ballinode and Fly Mask are early favourites for the National. I will watch the entries next week. The Lincoln will wait until the French show their hand.

Have been asked the name of the oldest horse in training. I think Carson, trained by the late Mr. Carson, is fifteen years of age. He finished last at Gatwick last night ago.

Do not believe in systems unless you are a millionaire but the following will bear attention: Back the favourite in the first race. If he wins finish for the day. If he loses double your stake on the favourite for the next race.

Form book will tell you if the above

repeat the hint, follow Hartigan at Hurst, and Sandown. He brought off a double at Hurst Park with Golly and Maxtol.

First day at Gatwick was bad for the horses. Not one scored.

IMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Double.—The conqueror of the line at Gatwick should win again. Scored easily at Newbury.

Orbell Bond.—Orbell has managed to pick up this long-distance hurdler, the eight-year-old is now running form. I think he is certain to pick up a race of two and a half miles or so.

Bardier.—The son of Battle-axe

revealed a glimpse of his old form at Derby when he put paid to the winning sequence of Low Tide. His victory at Newbury was also a good one. The nine-year-old should be followed now until he loses.

Over.—George Duller rode his father's gelding at Derby and I think he was unlucky to lose. He did not get a clear course. Over will win a two-mile selling hurdle race in second-rate company.

Hymir.—Give Hymir another chance next time out. He was not disgraced when beaten by Cylinda at Derby. The latter has made abnormal improvement during the past month.

Arravale.—Pay no attention to Arravale's form at Haydock. Mr. Baron's horse twisted a plate and T. Burns, the jockey, thought at first that his mount had broken down. Arravale is still a good 'un.

Chalot.—Martin's twelve-year-old has very dicky legs, but while the going is on the soft side he should always be followed, each way, for selling hurdle races. Overlook his race at Newbury.

Early Bird.—Backers of this gelding at Haydock were very unlucky to lose their money, as Stott's mount was leading when he ran out of the course. The race went to Munster's Pride who, early in December, was beaten twelve lengths by Early Bird.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

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O S 2 J O S Z R H J S would read
H E A T H E N C O T E.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from January 21 to January 27.

Our Early Fancies Going Strongly.

battling for League points again. In the first division, Preston North End will be hoping to pick up a point at Birmingham, but this is asking rather a lot of them. Huddersfield I think will either win or draw at Blackburn, but both Bolton Wanderers and West Bromwich ought to keep their prominent places by home victories.

Chelsea, Beware!

In the second division all the leaders ought to win and so keep the promotion struggle as keen as it has been for weeks. Derby County went out of the Cup rather surprisingly, but this week they will have Fairclough back, and therefore ought to get a goal or two against the Wolves.

But Chelsea must not take things easily against the hard-playing Orient.

WEEK-END COUPS.

7 HOME.—Sheffield U., West Bromwich, Leicester City, Manchester United, Swansea, Nelson, New Brighton.

5 HOME.—Leicester City, Manchester United, Swansea, Nelson, New Brighton.

3 AWAY.—Notts County, Plymouth A., Wednesday.

3 DRAWS.—Spurs v. Sunderland, Port Vale v. Stoke, Millwall v. Bristol City.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Swansea, Notts County, Spurs v. Sunderland.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Leicester City, Manchester United, Nelson.



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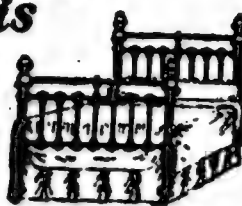
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ound

field United, having at last struck proper form, may now go quite a way in the competition, and it is reasonable to expect that Blackburn, Notts County and Cardiff City move to the next round.

Other Ties.

Ham and the Arsenal were due to gain as I write, but whichever has will win, the replay ought to be Forest, a very moderate team, Birmingham. Either of the London stronger everywhere but in goal. County have a fairly easy task, Ham an easier one still, while the of course, ought to be the victors Sheffield duel.

the following will be seen in the round:—Newcastle United, Aston Southampton, West Bromwich, County, Birmingham, Sheffield Blackpool, Bolton Wanderers, Rovers, Sunderland, Liverpool, Barnsley, Cardiff or Darlington City.

Pointers.

Scottish teams will be busy with this week, and the most important have already referred to. English clubs, however, will be

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Our Letter Parliament

Are Women in Danger?

Our Readers Air their Views on Topics of the Day

Enslaved Women

Woman is in danger in many directions. Your article clearly shows that if, alone, she walks in the streets of our big cities, she is in danger of being mistaken for a "common prostitute" by some over-zealous policeman. This is a serious state of affairs. Then there is a danger that Lord Buckmaster's Divorce Reform Bill, which would free many enslaved women, will not be taken up or passed by Parliament.—Are women's interests being properly looked after?—Mrs. H., Tooling.

Men and Dogs

Your contributor says what is only too true regarding women being arrested for "solicitation." In the eyes of a good many men it would seem that every woman is either already a prostitute or a potential one. To my mind there never would be any bad women if men were as good as they might be. The women supply a demand, and suffer, and the rascally men escape. A great writer has said, "The more I see of some men the better I like dogs."—J. H., Bolton.

Police Bribes

A. M. Thompson's article on street perils to women goes straight to the point. A decent lady scarcely dare make an appointment in any of the well-known streets of our big cities in case the other person turns up late, causing her to run the risk (while waiting) of being arrested as a "common prostitute." Yet this latter class accost men openly on the streets under the very eyes of the law, and evidently have no fear of the police. What is the matter? Are our policemen bribed to keep their eyes closed?—F. R.

A Night in Jail

It is disgraceful that innocent women should be arrested merely because they are walking in the streets alone. The real "woman of the streets," who is well-known to policemen, is never molested. There is a grave danger to all decent women in this, and questions ought to be raised in Parliament when the House reassembles. The shame of spending the night in jail under such a stigma is something that most women would never recover from. Our authorities ought to know better than act in this way.—T. P., Portsmouth.

Men the Culprits

After a certain time of the day most women have long considered it unwise to walk unaccompanied through the more notorious thoroughfares of our big cities. Their fear is, primarily, not of the police, but of interference from evil men. It is through such interference that innocent women are brought before the eyes of the police who are perhaps too apt to conclude that they are women of a wrong class. If we are to make our streets tolerable at night time for our women folk, we should first make an example of these loitering men.—Phyllis Strange.

Themselves to Blame?

While I am to some extent in sympathy with the views expressed in the article, "A New Peril to Women," may I suggest that your contributor is rather straining after the gnat and swallowing the camel? The average woman does not loiter in the thoroughfares to which your contributor refers, and unless her appointment is with an extraordinarily unpunctual person, the danger of being kept waiting is very small. Most women make a point of being late for an appointment. Speaking broadly, women who have unpleasant encounters have usually themselves to blame.—H. L. P., Ilern Hill.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Street Sisters

There is something to be said for Miss Alison Neilson's plea in her article, "A Living Death," but I would also suggest that besides giving the prostitute "legal justice," the habitual and diseased offender should be incarcerated in an hospital until cured, and not be allowed (after a few days in prison) to go forth and continue her awful work. The police of the big cities must know most of the offenders and should round them up and hand them over to hospital for examination now and again.—"Prevention."

What a Baby Can Do

As the happy possessor of babies, I am sorry for the young wife who told "Humanist" that her happiness was greatly marred because her husband "persistently urges that times are too bad to bring a little one into the world." When I had my first baby my husband's salary was £75. Between then and two years ago I have had three more babies, and my husband's salary has risen to £475! Many times he has said that his inspiration to get on has come from the possession of the babies.—"Tank-oo!"

The Dawning Light

The imparting of sex-knowledge could best be done in the schools. That would ensure that every child would be taught, which would not be done were the onus placed upon the parents. The teaching would be progressive, from the propagation of plants to the egg, and ultimately on to the mammals. The county and city medical officers of health are doing splendid propaganda work among parents by means of lectures and the cinema, thus preparing the public mind for the inclusion of the subject in the curriculum. In the meantime sensible parents will teach their own children.—Mrs. J.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"THE CHAMPION":—"But suddenly the EMPTY lift came down to the level with a bang, and a tall stern figure STEPPED OUT."

"BOOTLE TIMES":—"In these days of weak beer, hard cheese, and when BACON is fourpence a LOAF, people can be forgiven for indulging in reminiscence."

"LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL EXPRESS":—"Richmond, the Leeds centre, twice shot wide with only the goalkeeper to EAT."

"WISBECH STANDARD":—"Several dozen pairs of BEDROOM SLIPPERS, in Felt and Brocade. Sale prices, 1/11d., 2/8d. and 3/8d. PER YARD."

"HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE":—"She wore a cinnamon coloured crepe-de-chine frock, TRIMMED WITH HAT to match, and carried a bouquet of bronze chrysanthemums."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE":—"The vessel is disabled through a GALE becoming entangled with the PROPELLOR."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH & STAR":—"A GIFT OF £25 AT DEATH, to be FOLLOWED BY £2 a week for six weeks."

Posers for Farmers

Are farmers in such poor circumstances as they would have us believe? The following facts are true of farmers in general. (1) Even "small farmers" have their motor-cars where previously they could not afford a horse and trap. (2) When a farmer's son comes of age his father puts him into a farm. (3) A man deliberately sends his son into bankruptcy? (4) When a farm is "let" the landlord is besieged with applicants for his hire. *Verb. sap.*—Stanley

Young "Criminals"

A reform much needed, and pressing for immediate consideration by the Government, is that of providing detention homes for young people in remand. Many of them are ultimately proved innocent of the offences against them, but in the time of awaiting trial they have to endure gaol life though they were convicted criminals. And in this way they become associated with jail-birds. Clearly this is not good.—C. B., Liverpool.

Food for the People

Why has JOHN BULL received so little support from other papers in its Food campaign? Is it possible that professional jealousy is allowed to take the way of progress? The food the people is of paramount importance. The whole health and welfare of a nation depend upon it, yet you will find a voice crying in the wilderness, in spite of the many cases of poverty, adulteration, etc., little action is taken by the authorities. And it is the poor who suffer.—J. A. F., Berwick.

Debt Settlement

Your attitude towards the war is one that must commend the eyes of the right-thinking. It was absurd of Britain should be taxing herself a last farthing to pay back to America a debt incurred on behalf of the world, who, now that they are no longer threatened, forget to pay the money they owed to us. The new debt settlement will make peace and prosperity return to the world. America now has preferred to remain aloof in her pound of flesh.—John Bold, B.

After the Lenders

It has always been a delight to your attitude towards moneylenders and their subtle means to gull people. Carson has never done so much to get people out of the toils of these money blood-suckers as when he introduced Bill dealing with this evil. Public glare will frighten these lenders. Every decent man and woman to promise support by bombarding members of Parliament to support Bill of their own in the Commons thus get Commons and Lords agree to this much-needed reform.—R. E.

One Official, One Job

Squanderitis is still raging through Officialdom, from Whitehall down to remotest Rural District Council. A touches lightly indeed upon this matter. What about our county, urban, and district councils, where some officials more than one lucrative office, ignoring of the efficient unemployed every tax-payer knew the amount out of his rates and taxes toward maintenance of these extravagant administrative parasites in luxurious offices would be more than astounded.—C.



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DETACHABLE
WOOL Lining

IN NAVY
BLUE
OR FAWN

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A NEW MODEL—AND THE MOST PERFECT EXAMPLE
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BOTH COATS ARE GUARANTEED EQUALLY STORM-PROOF,
AND ARE SUPPLIED IN EITHER NAVY BLUE OR FAWN SHADE.

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THE 1925 BARRICO
4 in 1 Model.

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Features 1, 2 and 3 are all embodied in this type B, as also Deep Storm Collar to fix over, and Wind Straps and Buckles to Sleeves. But in addition there is a high-grade detachable wool lining which may be affixed or removed by simple manipulation in a few seconds. To those moving about in variable temperatures this detachable section is an indispensable adjunct. This detachable wool-lining, however, can be sold separately, but is only supplied with TYPE B BARRICO.

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height and also round chest over waistcoat,
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BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

Whichever coat you choose will actually be sent on approval, for if you do not consider the present the greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it at once when your cash shall be refunded in full plus 1/- extra as indemnity, and this without dissent.

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Pattern Making
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Structural Engineering
Surveying and Levelling
Telegraphy and Telephone
Thermal Engineering
Works Managers' Course

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JOHN BULL



John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column this page.

C. F. (Leeds).—"My eldest daughter is deaf and has no sense of time." You'll make a telephone-operator of her I suppose?

D. M. (Hatfield).—"I asked you on the 'phone for a loan but you did not answer." We shook our head.

S. B. (Bulham).—"My wife threw me down the stairs the other day—what should I do about it?" Move into a bungalow.

T. F. (Aldershot).—"I find it difficult to pay the instalments for my furniture each week." You evidently find easy payments hard?

S. M. (Workshop).—"I spent nine shillings in cocoanut shies last Tuesday, and only got one cocoanut." You must have been off your nut!

P. T. (Aylesbury).—"Isn't life funny!" Ah! You didn't have to read your own letter.

H. E. F. (Tottenham).—"I found my fiancée was only taking the rise out of me." When you're married, she'll probably take the salary as well.

M. O. (Maltby).—"At the age of thirty, I've only just realised what a powder-puff can do for a woman." Now, we presume, you're making-up for lost time.

"Tony" (Penton).—"Labour's bark is worse than its bite." We do not expect, however, that it will remove its caution, "Beware of the bottom-Dog."

"LAY-PREACHER" (York).—"Minds as well as houses need spring-cleaning." In many cases the vacuum method will be used.

R. R. G. (Bedminster).—"A badly-dressed woman cannot expect to keep her husband." All the same, she expects to be kept by him.

C. L. K. (Durstun).—"Money has been a great stumbling block." And one, moreover, on which many people have lost their heads.

H. A. (Hulton).—"A girl who learns to dance well can easily get a husband." And he may expect to find her leading him a dance after they are married.

"GALLERYITE" (S.E.5).—"For years I have been agitating for the abolition of theatre-queues." Your grievance seems to be one of long standing.

D. S. F. (Ilford).—"This invention of mine would make the dilution of milk almost impossible." Sounds to us like pure invention.

P. G. (Brighton).—"A bachelor is an unnatural product—they ought to be ridiculed into marrying." Sort of Guyed to Matrimony?

E. S. (Huntley).—"As it happens, I have a Will of my own." We have a Will, too; and a Katie who is three years younger!

J. K. (Honiton).—"You make me cry!" Well, you don't exactly make us laugh.

T. D. P. (Manchester).—"He sold me a pup." The — dog!

T. F. (Hastings).—"Life is a dream to me." You're lucky. To many people it's a nightmare.

J. R. (Southend).—"I am one of the few men, you know, who make racing pay." Not at all. We know quite a few bookmakers.

B. D. (Leith).—"It is easy to tell a married woman." Unless you're her husband, then it's darned difficult to get her to listen.

F. R. (Tilbury).—"I can soon take the correct measure of a man." Then we must think about giving you the order for our next suit.

J. R. D. (Hampstead).—"It should be a point of order for every man to pay his doctor first." The undertaker naturally comes after.

J. A. (Dewsbury).—"The truth lies in Socialism." Only to our mind the truth never lies.

B. R. J. (Shotts).—"Whisky will never get the best of me." Probably because you always insist on getting the best of whisky.

F. S. (Dundee).—"My wife is a good manager." You're fortunate. Some wives are good man-agers!

L. K. D. (Blackpool).—"I am contented with my lot." Perhaps because it is a lot.

W. T. (Sunderland).—"The average working-man is a man of will." Unless he's on strike, then he's a man of won't.

J. D. (Finsbury Park).—"Talk is cheap." Think so? Six hundred M.P.'s get £400 a year each for it.

F. II. (Dulwich).—"Although she squints, she's managed to get on the films." In a strong cast?

Imaginary Talks.

G.B.S. and his Conversion

(The other Morning in the Adelphi)

THE SHOWMAN: Er—excuse me—

Mr. Bernard Shaw, I believe?

MR. SHAW: Ssssssh, man! One of those confounded Press fellows might overhear you and want to interview me.

THE SHOWMAN: Heaven forbid!

But by the way, since you were a Pressman yourself not so very long ago, I'm sure you'll be pleased to hear how journalism is getting along without you.

MR. SHAW (impatiently): Well?

THE SHOWMAN: Splendidly, thanks. But, then, perhaps you haven't yet

bought your copy of—

MR. SHAW (irritably): I never buy papers. It only bores me to read what other people are thinking about.

THE SHOWMAN: Yet in one of them this week, "A.G.G." manages to write about you without being in the least boring. "Are We A Stupid People?" he asks.



A. I. C. (Shiplake).—"I had a vivid dream, and, as a result, backed an outsider which won." Your nightmare was evidently a dark horse.

G. C. (Northfleet).—"I have been thinking seriously of marriage." If you get married you'll think seriously of it for the rest of your life.

J. L. (Seven Oaks).—"He's over-eaten for years and now he's 17 stone." Then his past's before him.

H. J. D. (Harrowgate).—"A musician can't afford to lead a fast life." A conductor, however, has to beat time.

N. K. (Richmond).—"I have a suspicion that my grocer is none too honest." Another of those who lie in weight to deceive!

L. T. (Worthing).—"I shouldn't think there are any divorcees in Heaven." Naturally; you can't get a divorce without a lawyer.

T. O. J. (Maida Vale).—"My employer, whose typist I am, has offered me marriage." What a chance to dictate to him!

J. N. N. (Ilighgate).—"If a man is worth anything, he comes home late more than once." In the hope of missing the tax-collector?

G. J. (Fittleworth).—"As long as a man's wealthy, people don't care what his character is like." A bad egg isn't noticed until it's broke.

B. N. B. (Leeds).—"Hard work will reduce weight." True. And hard thinking will reduce fatheadedness.

G. B. (Hampstead).—"Our maid is always talking about Tariff Reform and Free Trade." You should remind her that she isn't in a political situation.

W. J. (Wrexham).—"My small prizes in 1924 have made me keener than ever on a *Bullets First*." If you'd prefer the last "Double-First" of £500, you'll have to hurry up—it's a One-Week contest.

IT'S a worry to some women to decide whether they'll "shingle," but that's a trifle compared with the anxiety that beset most people's lives.

Whatever your difficulty or problem—write to JOHN BULL about it!

We have a wonderful Free Advice Service that exists for the sole purpose of disposing of readers' worries. Whether your problem is Babies or Books, Love or Love, Finance or Finery, Wireless or Women—we have a specialist in the subject to put you right.

Write to-day, enclose a stamped envelope for reply, and we'll do the rest.

B. I. (Norwich).—"Only the little things come off." As for example, buttons?

R. N. (Tidsworth).—"These days even Ford cars are upholstered in snake skin." Rattle-snakes, of course.

J. K. (Kidderminster).—"The golden rule is to take advantage of your opportunities." And not of other people's.

N. C. (Leek).—"Believe me or believe me not." We believe you not.

S. L. (Manchester).—"I don't believe anyone ever makes money by following horses." Well, draymen pick up a tidy wage.

N. E. (Bradford).—"It takes 500 silkworms to produce a silk dress." As it only takes one worm to pay for it.

R. T. (Troon).—"I often wish I was dead." Wouldn't she have you, or do you marry her?

H. M. (Bromley).—"I had my watch stolen in a crowd." It must have been off its guard.

S. D. (Huddersfield).—"In a battle of tongues any woman can hold her own." The trouble is that so few of them do.

N. W. (Hoxton).—"Do you think a girl could be happy with a man like me?" As long as he wasn't too much like you.

R. V. (Southport).—"I'm the big boss at our works." Then mind you're fired.

G. R. (Blackburn).—"Queer how the stalls clap while the gallery hisses at first nights." The stalls are probably clapping the hissing.

L. W. (Chelsea).—"I'm broke." What a "touching" remark.

D. L. (Settle).—"Everyone at the school is born equal." But a good many manage to grow out of it.

F. E. (Goole).—"I have had a circular advising me to buy oil stock." Circular it's not on the square since it's a circular.

D. S. (Kew).—"Just what is implied by 'sarcasm'?" Saying what others are too polite to say.

B. S. (Sefton Park).—"There's an end to the mending of socks and stockings. Never mind. Keep on doing your darnedest."

D. D. (Manchester).—"Believe me, no woman ever made a fool of me." Well who did it then?

F. K. (Sutton).—"My boy appears to be capable of nothing." That's better than a boy who's capable of anything.

H. M. (Bulham).—"Babies are a national need." Quite right, a very national need.

C. A. (Ely).—"It strikes me our jobs aren't exactly overworked." But they have trying times.

K. L. (Barnsley).—"My best pal and I were brought up together." On what charge?

R. R. (Bradford).—"Many a woman's face has been her fortune." And many a man has won a fortune by his cheek.

F. C. (Hull).—"I never drink to excess. Not popular enough, we suppose."

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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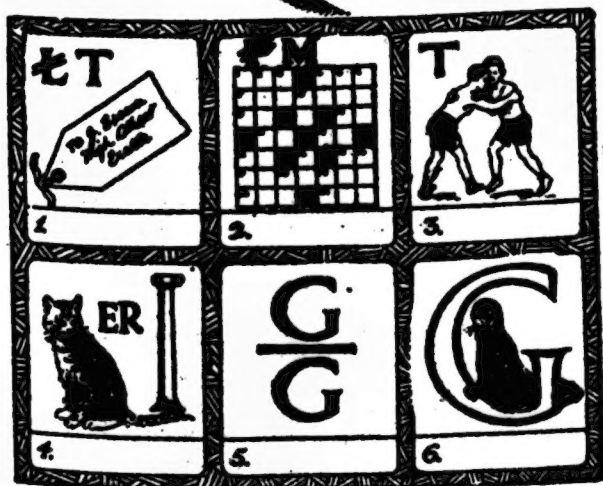
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JANUARY 24, 1935.

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FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. JAMES TIERNEY,
 61, Vernon Street, Belfast.
 Example:—BEAUTY
 et:—MAN CHASES—WOMAN PUR-
 CHASES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
KING, 77, Bedford Road, Clapham, London, S.W.
 Example:—SILLY IDEA
 —"REMOVING COAT" WHEN "HEATED."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
N. KNIGHT, Northampton, Altherton Road.
 Example:—IN OUR STREET
 —AERIALS "HOLD HOMES TOGETHER."
 (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
BLACKMORE, "Edgely," Streton Road, Bournemouth.
 Example:—POWERFUL WEAPON
 —WE'D PREFER WEAPONLESS POWERS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
MAY, 38, St. John's Road, Bally, Doncaster.
 Example:—WHAT IS A BORE?
 —ALWAYS "DYING"—NEVER DEAD.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

ATKINSON, 4, Freestone Terrace, Normanton,

Example:—AID—POLITICIAN THINKS "BANDAGING"

Example:—S. 3, Holly Terrace, Staplegrave, Taunton.

Example:—THINGS EASIER—MODERN COUPLES' TWIN

Example:—S. 7, Bothwell Street, Edinburgh.

Example:—WEAPON—WOMAN'S VOICE—WHEN

Example:—S. 116, Eaton Road, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

Example:—BUSINESS—AND PLEASURE—EMPLOY-

Example:—S. M. HEGARTY, 8, Ormelle Terrace, Portor-

Example:—THINGS EASIER—FOR POST-OFFICE,

Example:—S. 4, Furren Street, Glasgow.

Example:—CHOCOLATES—MODERN FLAPPER'S "TRANS-

Example:—S. Edlen Terrace, Strabane, Ulster.

Example:—FASHION—ARM, WHERE WAIST WAS.

Example:—S. 15, Burgess Place, Carrington, Notting-

Example:—A SNIFF—CONVICT—"WHAT, CHICKEN

Example:—S. 64, Malmesbury Park Road, Bourne-

Example:—BY RESULTS—WAGE-SHEET BECOMES "RE-

Example:—Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Example:—S. 145, Pears Road, Hounslow.

Example:—A HOUSE—APPARENTLY INCLUDES SOMER-

Example:—HOUSE.

Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Example:—S. 8, Burlington Road, Colchester, Essex.

Example:—H. H. DEBTS—BRITAIN INVITES FOREIGN

Example:—S. 41, Millbrook Road, Southampton.

Example:—THINGS EASIER—BELATED HUSBY INKING

Example:—S. West Street, Odiham, near Basingstoke.

Example:—THINGS EASIER—FOR BLACKMAILER,

Example:—S. "Ashleigh," Todley Brook, Sheffield.

Example:—FASHION—SO STORIED DURING SALE.

Example:—S. 20, Cloister Road, London, N.W.

Example:—OBSESSION ENDED BY POSSESSION.

Example:—S. 56, Nortoft Road, Bournemouth.

Example:—MARRYING "BUTTERFLY"—WIN-

Example:—Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Example:—S. 15, Eastcote Road, Romth, Harrow.

Example:—H. H. DEBTS—IF BORROWED OFF FOR-

Example:—S. 72, Arkwright Street, Nottingham.

Example:—ONLY THING FLAPPER "COOKS."

Example:—S. 20, St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh.

Example:—SLAVERY ABOLISHED—"IT'S RE-

Example:—S. 30, Earl Street, Scotstoun, Glasgow.

Example:—H. H. DEBTS—ENGLAND ACTUALLY BLAMED

Example:—Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Prize-winners of £1:

Example:—S. Pinchurst Hairdressing Saloon, Farn-

Example:—S. J. Abraham, 5, Dinam St., Nant-

Example:—S. A. Akers, 107, High St., Waltham

Example:—S. A. Albury, 50, North Lane, Canter-

Example:—S. 18, Clementine St., Belfast; J. M.

Example:—S. 65, Marquis Rd., Woodside, Aberdeen;

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EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 550.

**WHAT WE'RE ASKING
 OUR BREAD
 FOR OUR GOOD
 A CHILD
 IF ANYBODY'S LISTENING
 BEFORE HUBBY
 AFTER THE DANCE
 SEEMS FUNNY
 WON'T HOLD WATER
 WIRELESS AMATEUR
 FINDING HIS FEET
 WIFE'S HELP
 BEFORE THE DOLE
 TAKEN OUT
 SAVING HER FACE
 FOOL'S MOTTO
 WHAT THE AMERICAN SAID
 LEFT OVER
 WITHOUT A WORD
 USEFUL
 SCALES OF JUSTICE
 AGE OF WOMAN
 COMFORTING
 TIME TO PLAY
 BEGINNING AT HOME
 HIS PAST
 WHAT MAN LIKES
 PRESENCE OF MIND
 THE BRIDE
 WHEN SHE TELEPHONES
 SAFE TO SAY
 WHAT IS A RAILWAY?**

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2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSPAPER'S PRIZES.
 Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be sent to the newspapers from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 550 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four Words having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—
 Example:—HEART OF THE EMPIRE Bullet:—"JUMPS" WHEN PRINCE DOES.
 Example:—WHAT IS A HUSBAND? Bullet:—FAMILY BUTT—AND BUTTRESS.
 Example:—TO-MORROW Bullet:—YOUTH'S CRYSTAL—AGE'S HOUR-GLASS.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 550, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 29.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(550) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 29.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(550) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 29.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(550) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 29.

Example
Bullet

Example
Bullet

(550) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 547 will be published in this week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 548 can now be seen in the window of Mr. FITZGERALD, 54, Park Lane, Tottenham, London, N.17.

NEXT WEEK—"Bullets" First Prize £1,000!

(Continued on page 30.)

This could have been prevented

*Mother—
the health doctor*



Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it. They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

*Buy Lifebuoy in the new
pack, two large cakes
in a carton*



**Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH**

222-24



I CANNOT for the life of me understand why preventable illnesses continue to give me the greater part of my practice," said a doctor the other day.

"I'm not going to say that you will never need the doctor. But I do suggest that what is wanted is an entirely new attitude towards disease. As Sir David Bruce* said the other day, it is time we dropped the defensive—waiting till we are ill and then sending for medicine. Let us launch an offensive instead."

Mother understands

Mothers! Do not wait until the children are ill. The ordinary measures of health preservation are easy and open to all.

Disease comes in with dirt. Germs cannot live in a clean atmosphere.

*The distinguished Army Surgeon

Attack the dirt before it has time to settle into the pores of the skin. Wash often and well with Lifebuoy Soap, and you will have done all that is humanly possible to ward off infection.

The Lifebuoy offensive

Make Lifebuoy the spearhead of your attack in this new offensive. Put a cake everywhere in your household where hands are washed. That rich, purifying lather, with its wonderful health element, will go deep down into the dirt-clogged pores of the skin, driving out the enemy before it. The clean odour vanishes quickly, but the protection remains. Don't wait for infection to attack your household. Go boldly out against it. Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

